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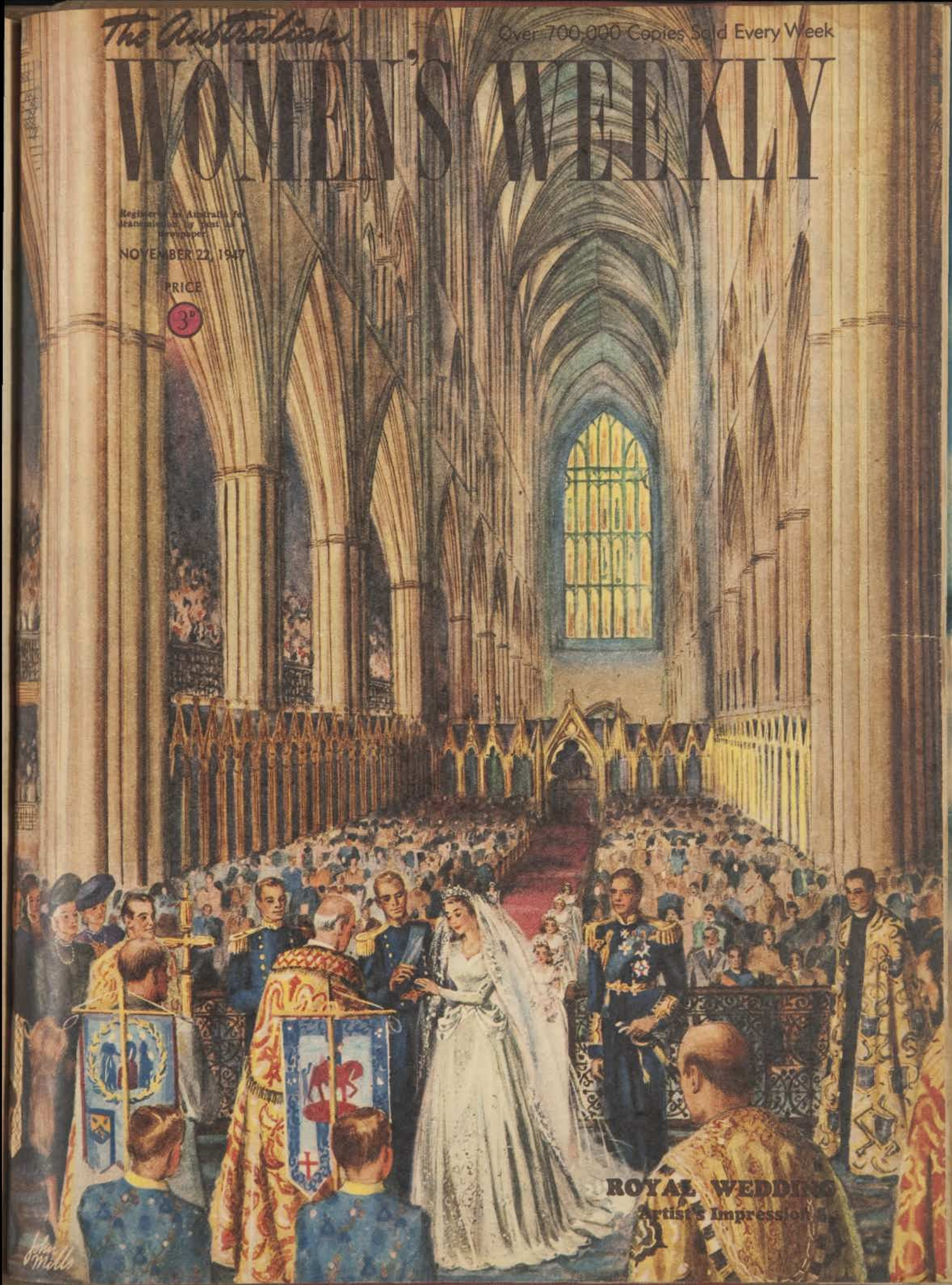
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRICE FOR PERFECTION

A broken vase was a small price to pay for freedom and happiness

By . . .

Margot Neville



Speechless, Simon stared down at the fragments of the vase in Edna's hand.

THE sudden breeze that blew up between Simon and Edna as they were dressing for dinner that evening had really nothing to do with the catastrophe of next morning. And yet, in a way, it had to do with it, all bound up as it was with Edna's reaction to the atmosphere at Westways Simon's home.

They had come there to stay for a fortnight with his mother and father till the flat in town was ready for them.

Sitting at the dressing-table, Edna smoothed down the closely fitting waist of her wide-skirted frock, and, taking up her lipstick, leant forward to the mirror.

The Louis Seize mirror, in its tarnished gold frame, gave back not only her intent, so eagerly young face and long-lashed grey eyes, but reflected in all its sumptuous elegance the room behind her.

It showed mellow ivory panelling, Aubusson carpet aglow with rosy garlands, slender fourposter with curtains of old Venetian velvet, Sheraton chest and night table—form, texture and color all assembled with unerring taste and knowledge.

Simon's mother never made a mistake, either inside or outside this austere beautiful Georgian house set in its terraced gardens sloping down to the little river.

Through the open door, in the dressing-room, Edna could see Simon dressing, too. Simon brushing his hair, tying his tie. His tall figure with the athlete's shoulders and waist, his fair roughish hair and hazel eyes—her glance drew the thought of him, the image of him, deep down inside herself.

They had only been at Westways for a week. They had only been married for four. It was only eight—eight, breathless, resplendent weeks—since they had first met.

Someone had brought him that night to her mother's studio, the big studio at the top of the old building in the tree-lined square. He had come straight across the room to Edna, seeing nothing and nobody else, and had sat down beside her on the window seat.

They had looked at each other, knowing everything in that first glance. In the crowded room, amid the din of voices, the talk of books and politics and art, they had been alone, just Simon and she, timeless alone.

Some hours later, down in the square when she and her mother were saying good-bye to the last of the party, he had stepped back from his car and said to her: "When do we get married?"

And she had answered: "Whenever you like."

Crazy, extravagant words that yet spoke the truth of what they both knew to be as sure as the sun's rising to-morrow.

Simon came in now, settling his shoulders into his dinner jacket. He said, coming over to her: "Will I shatter anything if I kiss you?"

"Try it out." She put her arm round his neck and drew his head down.

Hovering while she fixed the two white flowers in her hair he said: "Mum's plunged in horror at the fate awaiting us next week. Three rooms in town furnished with two saucepans and an egg-beater."

She laughed exultingly. "We can take it!" How could anyone ever know the riot of joy she felt at the thought of being alone—quite alone!—next week with Simon in that tiny flat lent by a friend so mercifully absent for two years in Malaya or somewhere?

Simon went on: "I tell her we're lucky not to be sleeping in a tent. Or sharing with six kids and a pianola." As he talked he stooped and picked up the lid of Edna's

powder-box from the seat of a Queen Anne chair, took out his handkerchief, and flicked at the ring of powder it had left there.

Edna swung round. "Darling, I hate to see you do that."

He said: "Do what?" But his face showed that he knew what she meant.

"So old-maidish! It was only powder."

"I know, darling. But you don't specially want it there, do you?"

"No, oh, no. But it's so unlike you. Dusting and polishing. This afternoon, too. The fussy way you crossed the whole room to pick up a tiny bit of macaroon I'd thrown to Jinks."

Simon placed the powder lid on the dressing-table with precision. He said maddeningly: "And there again, darling. Macaroons trodden into a Bokhara rug, you know!"

"Oh, I know, darling. I know." What did she know? Far more than she said, that was clear.

She pressed the flowers into place on the thick, near-gold hair. "Really, when we get into our flat we'd better get antimacassars for our chairs."

Standing behind her, he straightened his tie in the mirror and smiled a superior smile. "Very childish, dear; very childish."

"Making a fetish of your belongings seems far more childish to me."

But she bit back further words on that point. It was getting too close to the thing she mustn't say: that Simon's mother had made Westways too precious to live up to; that if beautiful furnishings—chairs, tables, china—oppressed you rather than served you, then they were better where they belonged in a museum.

IT seemed to Edna that ever since they had come here Simon had been stepping circumpectly, almost reverentially, as though before a high altar.

She picked up a chiffon handkerchief and got up. Her movements were crisp, her color had risen a shade.

He went to the door and held it open. "Ready?"

"Quite."

They crossed the landing and went downstairs. Though they walked side by side down the shallow treads of the wide, cream-painted stairway, her bouffant skirt brushing his legs, neither spoke, neither looked at the other.

Edna was thinking with dismay: To have a quarrel with Simon! To see his mouth shut coldly and a blankness in his eyes!

As they entered the dining-room she felt that the chill between them must be almost visible. But if it were neither Mr. nor Mrs. Masson gave any sign of noticing.

In the lofty Adams room, with the scent of flowers and the last song of blackbirds coming in through the windows open on to the terrace, the simple dinner went forward on the same immemorial note. The ancient parlormaid, Liddell, was as museum-worthy as the Limoges dinner plates and the rose-tinted glasses of old Bristol.

During the meal Simon's father didn't say much, but then he never did. Mrs. Masson's talk had, as usual, a smooth patina that a near-emotional atmosphere could never put a dint in.

She kept up an easy chatter with Edna about new plays, recent novels, Edna's work at the art school before her marriage. With social skill she spread a fine glaze over the rough surface of her son's glumness.

Edna glanced at the two men, and her thoughts slid away for a moment from the art school. How alike they were, father and son. Mr. Masson still so handsome, just what Simon would look like in thirty years' time.

He was much more like his father than his mother. She was glad of that.

She lifted her glass and sipped her wine. Why was she glad? Was it a twinge of mother-in-law trouble? Was she oh-so-faintly jealous of this beautiful person sitting in her black frock behind the low table-piece of white camellias?

Long dark eyes that were only warm when they rested on the perfection of inanimate things, long white hands, cool and untender as cut crystal. Black and white. That was right for Clare Masson. No ambiguous outlines. Everything seen, everything known, everything accomplished.

Coffee was served on the terrace. Simon was still not himself. He sat across from Edna on the stone bench, looking down, stirring his coffee automatically, mute as a fish, though she'd touched his hand and tried to catch his glance when he'd handed her her cup.

The talk tinkled empty and fell away. But that didn't matter out of doors where a pause was filled by someone patting Jinks or a bird going noisily to bed, the church clock striking way down in the valley.

After twenty minutes Mr. Masson got up out of his chair. He said, on a rising note: "Well . . ."

"Going to the library, dear?"

He stood for a moment, tall,

lean, grey, beside the coffee table.

"Yes, I've got a bit of writing to do, some letters and odds and ends I want to get off to-night." Dropping his cigarette, he went inside.

A minute later Edna heard the library door close behind him.

Oddly, to her, to-night, the closing of that door had a secretive sound. It seemed to speak, to whisper escape. Escape to another world, from one not truly satisfying, to his inner world of books and ideas from his wife's world of objets d'art and collectors' triumphs.

Suddenly chilled, deflated, Edna looked across at Simon. Would he ever shut a door like that against her?

The telephone rang. A friend for Mrs. Masson, and she went in, too.

Edna got up quickly and held out a hand to Simon and they crossed the terrace and went down into the garden. Down the stone steps on to the next level . . . away from the house . . . over the lawn . . . under glossy-leaved rhododendrons.

Everything was alive—the grass yielded and sprang back under their feet. The flowers seemed to breathe.

And she and Simon were alive

again, too, his arms round her, his mouth on hers in long thought-obliterating kisses. They didn't need to say a thing. Clear-cut words and explanations seemed wholly to belong up there in the house.

Next morning, Edna ran quickly down the stairs. She was wearing a full short peasant skirt, a cotton blouse, and, to-day, shining gold plaits encircled her head.

Through the open hall door the yellow sunshine of the summer day showed heavy on lawn and tree, and the air was scented with flowers and grasses.

The painted dial of the wall-clock told nine-thirty as she passed it, and the day ahead—cramped full of delicious expectation—seemed endless. Enchanted hours that couldn't change, couldn't fade . . . ever!

Simon was below in the hall waiting for her, pushing into a knapsack a sweater, sandwiches, fruit, a bottle of cook's blackberry wine.

He swung her off the last step and held her for a minute. "A Degus model in a Watteau frame!"

"Horrible anachronism!"

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SHIPS THAT PASS

By S. GOMBERG

MR. GERALD PITNEY walked towards the bus stop with his hands deep in the pockets of his old trench coat and his head bent slightly before the driving, windswept rain. Since five o'clock the steady all-day drizzle had somehow become a full-fledged summer storm.

By peering out from under the downturned brim of his slouch hat, Mr. Pitney could see the hurrying figures of the other home-going workers rushing past him. They were all intent only on getting out of the open.

Mr. Pitney looked at each one of them, hoping to find a kindred spirit who was also enjoying this exciting change from the stale air of offices and shops. But it was no use. As usual, he was alone.

Shrugging his shoulders, he turned into the doorway of a shuttered tobacco-shop near his bus stop. A large awning kept the doorway dry without obscuring the view of the street. It was a favorite spot of his on such evenings.

Leaning comfortably against the door, he stuck an empty pipe between his teeth and enjoyed the falling rain.

Best of all was the rain song on the awning above him. It reminded him of an old Leslie Howard picture he had seen five times, years ago. Similar sound of rain. Similar night scene. Howard had been a detective in the picture, tracking down

Mr. Pitney's eyes automatically edged the shadows and each passer-by

in the shape of the insurance company where Mr. Pitney was in his twentieth year could have seen him now, they would have been stunned.

To them he was a shy, forty-ish office fixture with a balding head and narrow shoulders.

Since none of them had ever suspected anything when he arrived very early and left late on rainy days, no one on the staff had ever seen him in the trench coat, which loaned him wider shoulders, or the slouch hat, which gave him a quite rakish appearance.

By the time the third bus had passed the would have to take the next one or miss dinner at his boarding-house) Mr. Pitney's mind was thousands of miles away.

Mysterious, romantic, and rainy Singapore—Ronald Colman had once adventured there in a picture—was steaming before his eyes. Dark alleys. Beautiful women. Danger in the tropical downpour. He stared, slit-eyed, dreaming . . .

"My goodness! Did you ever see such a storm?"

Mr. Pitney snapped back to earth. A young woman had run under the awning for shelter. She was shaking the water from her purse and smiling at him in a friendly manner. Electrically ran up his spine. Wasn't this how Ronald Colman had met his love in the picture? Could it be that this was to be his adventure at last?

"Rather beastly to-night, isn't it?"

The way this came out astounded, and then excited, Mr. Pitney. He had spoken just like Colman. The woman looked a little surprised. She reached up and pushed a lock of hair from her forehead before speaking again. He waited tensely.

"Oh . . . are the buses very crowded to-night?" she asked.

His heart pounded. He must have sounded good. He plunged on.

"I hadn't noticed, really," he answered, clipping his words. "I've been waiting for my car." He looked

at his wristwatch. "I'll never make that appointment at my club now."

"Oh, that's too bad."

The sincere regret in her voice thrilled him. He studied her from under his hat brim. Nice face. Warm. Tender. Lovely eyes. Like Olivia de Havilland's. Shy, maybe, but quite mature.

"It's not important. Really." He waved the pipe in a Colman gesture. "Reminds me of Singapore, this storm. Came up like a tropical squall, by George."

Her brown eyes widened. "Were you there in the war?"

He chuckled. "African malaria put me on the shelf. Kept me out of the whole show, dammit."

He gestured again. "No. I always called in on Singapore before going into China. Foreign correspondent you know."

"Oh." Her lips had parted now.

He sighed. "Quite a wild place, Singapore."

"It must be, from what they say about it."

As a matter of fact, chap I knew named Reynolds had quite a go there one rainy night. Stout fella, Reynolds, but it seems—"He stopped, and smiled apologetically. "It's a long tale, and I shouldn't bore you with it."

"Oh, please go on! I'd love to hear it. Honestly."

His blood racing, he started a story he knew well. A Hemingway story, laid in Spain. Mr. Pitney transferred it to Singapore, coloring it with facts gleaned from fiction, from many movies. Yet even as he was telling it, part of his mind was racing beyond its conclusion.

His wallet held a modest sum, enough for taxis and for dinner. Ronald Colman always took his women to dinner. But how would he ask her? And would she accept? He stole a quick glance at her. The way she was looking at him and listening made him feel tall, strong, dangerous.

But even though she was listening, Ruth Fulton was also thinking beyond the story. The prospect of eating alone again in her dreary little flat was dismal. If only she dared invite this interesting man home.

Her stomach fluttered at the thought. Other women did it, didn't they? And she had enough steak. She could light those red candles. Then, after dinner, they might listen to that programme of good music that came over the radio—he might like that.

"So that night Reynolds left, and I never saw him again," Mr. Pitney finished. "Never."

Ruth shook her head in awe. "He certainly was brave. What happened to him after that, do you know?"

He shrugged. "I heard he got his at Malta."

"Oh! Poor man."

Silent now, they stared out into the rain.

"Go ahead. You've waited a long time for this," a voice inside Mr. Pitney urged. "Ask her!" He



"Reminds me of Singapore, this storm. Came up like a tropical squall, by George," said Mr. Pitney.

moistened his lips. But a worry chilled him. How long before she would see through his masquerade?

Suddenly she leaned forward. "There's my bus." It was two blocks away, yet she kept her face turned towards it. If only he weren't so worldly, so rich. His car. His club. He'd probably be insulted if she—

"Yes. Looks like it." He was trying to bolster his nerve. She wouldn't find out, not in one night. Still . . .

The bus was slowing to a stop near them. He had a few seconds more. He licked his lips again.

Ruth looked at the bus. She started to say something, but stopped. "Well—"

"Well." He couldn't bring himself to say more.

"Well, good-bye." She turned and ran into the bus.

He watched her through the steamed windows. He couldn't see much. But as the bus started he thought she waved. He waved

back, anyway, and then watched the tail-lights fade in the rain. He felt sad and empty.

This might have been it, the adventure, the love he had dreamed of so long! Instead, it was just another—what was the expression?—another case of "ships that pass in the night!"

His stomach tightened with remorse. Why had he depended on a false personality? Why hadn't he been himself? Maybe she wouldn't have minded . . .

"Damn! I missed my bus!"

A woman ducked into the doorway, a woman about thirty-five, and out of breath from running. Her handbag slipped and fell to the ground. Mr. Pitney reached down and picked it up.

As he handed it to her she smiled. Quickly he took the pipe from his mouth and gestured in Colman fashion towards the rain.

"Beastly weather, what?"

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THE trouble was, Elsie and her entire family had superb teeth, so how could they possibly appreciate Theodore's kind of skill, or the beauties of the combined office and laboratory he had designed with such care? And they had money, so they were not impressed by his income, phenomenal though it was for a dentist.

Dr. Theodore Pepper stared disconsolately out of the window.

Elsie was fifteen years younger than he was, and he never should have married her, no matter how much her blithe charm had appealed to him. The streak of girlish romanticism, which had caused her to fancy an older man five years ago, made it certain that she found him lame as a domestic cat now.

It was no comfort whatever to remember that once she had thought his care in the matter of dress, his rather ceremonious manners, and even the very reticence that lately seemed to irritate her, intriguing and sophisticated.

Dr. Pepper sighed and glanced at his patient, a freckled lad.

The expression on the boy's face made Dr. Pepper wonder if he really looked like a man-eating tiger. But when he got the lad in the chair, he hardly noticed him until pitiable and pointed groans made him think that perhaps he was confusing an inoffensive molar with the very offensive Wyatt, his wife's brother.

In his opinion, Wyatt was the cause of much of the difficulty he had with Elsie.

"Almost done," Theodore tried to be reassuring and sympathetic.

Wyatt, Elsie's brother, in no way resembled a molar. A fashionable interior decorator, he was casual and amusing, and women adored him. How could Elsie be content with an honest and devoted husband when Wyatt, who was a charlatan and devoted to no one but himself, was the white-haired boy of Elsie's numerous and clannish family?

The boy patient streaked from the office with a barely audible good-bye when Theodore had finished. Theodore was washing his hands when his nurse, Miss Clark, came in.

"Some people are awfully funny," she announced.

Theodore dried his hands. "And what has brought forth this world-shattering observation, Miss Clark?"

The nurse looked hurt. "The funniest man just called up for an appointment."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He wouldn't say who he was. He was so mysterious, and sort of—well, sort of queer. I had the funny feeling he thought maybe the wire was tapped or something."

It was Theodore's turn to be puzzled. "What did he want?"

"He wanted to make an appointment, but not for himself. For another man. At first he wouldn't give the other man's name. He just said that it was a very big job, and that his friend had flown up from Miami on purpose to see you."

"He came on purpose?" Theodore hoped he conveyed amused disbelief. At bottom he was amazed and pleased by this unusual tribute. He had often felt that if any fault could be found with dentistry and oral surgery, it was the essential impermanence of the results and the rarity of public recognition.

"And so I said," Miss Clark looked doubtful—"that you would, of course, be glad to see him, but what name should I put down. It was absolutely quiet at the other end of the wire and I thought the connection had been cut; then suddenly this person said, 'Put down Mr. Smith.'"

"Mr. Smith?" Theodore did not know what he had been expecting to hear, but it certainly wasn't Smith. He felt keenly disappointed. Wyatt's decorating concern almost never had clients named Smith. They were always, at the very least, Smythe, and generally double-barrelled Smythes, at that.

"Probably some crank, afraid of dentists," Theodore grumbled. "When did you give him an appointment?"

"Friday at four o'clock."



Beau found Johnson's music even more soothing than novocaine.

Theodore thought about Mr. Smith on the way home that evening. As he went up in the elevator at his fashionable address, he decided he would tell Elsie that a patient had flown up from Miami for treatment. But Elsie, as he might have guessed, had not come in yet.

He went into the nursery and watched his children romp with their nurse before bedtime. Like Elsie, they were beautiful. And, like her, they did not rely on him for anything, nor confide in him. In this atmosphere of Mother Goose and cereal, what had seemed in the afternoon a somewhat mysterious incident now appeared far-fetched.

In any case, Elsie would certainly find it colorless as he would tell it.

The evening turned out to be even less suited to a pleasant conjugal chat than Theodore had anticipated. Elsie brought home to dinner her pretty cousin Maud, who had had tea that afternoon with Wyatt and knew all about Wyatt's new scheme to go into stage designing.

After dinner, Elsie sat listening eagerly to Maud, who toasted her

stockinged feet at the fire and ate chocolates. Both ignored Theodore, behind his newspaper.

"It will be such fun, dear," Maud daintily helped herself to more chocolates, while Theodore watched her, torn between amusement and disgust at her decorative uselessness.

"Wyatt will know simply everybody on Broadway," Maud waved an airy hand. "Think of the stories he'll be able to tell, then! And I'm sure he'll introduce us to anyone we want to meet."

MASTERPIECE

By . . .

BETTY BAUR

As the two young women looked at each other with glistening eyes, Theodore sank into a daydream in which he, like Wyatt, brought home amusing gossip from the outside world of celebrities. Even in his daydream he admitted freely that Elsie was idle and selfish, as well as charming, and yet he loved her very much and was very lonely for her.

The next morning Miss Clark, who always arrived first, greeted him with "Doctor, that funny man called up again. Not five minutes ago. He wanted to know if you couldn't see Mr. Smith before Friday. I didn't know what to say. You're all booked up for Thursday." She held open the book of appointments.

"What on earth is the fellow's name? I mean the one who calls, not Smith."

"He's never said," Miss Clark sighed. "He is the funniest man."

"Miss Clark, what inducement will persuade you to give up that word?" Theodore said sharply.

"What word?" Her eyes widened, startled.

"The word 'funny.' You have used it at least a hundred times in the past twenty-four hours. . . Here, let me see that book."

"Oh . . ." Miss Clark gasped, cut to the quick.

With a scowl, Theodore examined the book. "Ring up Mrs. Sealie and tell her those confounded wisdom teeth of hers will have to wait twenty-four hours. Smith can have that time."

"Very well." With marked dignity Miss Clark took back the book. "He said he would phone in an hour. I shall tell him."

Miss Clark was dignified all day, which was very hard on Theodore, who felt himself to blame, but as usual was unable to say the offhand word that would have set matters right. Late that afternoon he was relieved when he saw her almost running toward him through the door of his inner sanctum. Her face was flushed, and no longer aloof.

"Doctor! There's a man outside who insists on talking to you. I think it's that fun—that peculiar man who's been calling up. He says he must talk to you, personally."

And, Doctor—" she caught her breath.

Theodore, who had been making toward the waiting-room, turned back. "Yes?"

"He called me 'Cookie!'"

"Oh, dear me," said Theodore. He hastened into his waiting-room, which had, of course, been decorated by Wyatt.

The man who had called Miss Clark "Cookie" was gnome-like in stature, and was chewing gum. He was standing before one of Wyatt's walls, the pink one, and staring at a diaphanous youth resting on a vaguely Italian mountainside. It was impossible to guess from his face what he thought of Wyatt's work.

"Oh, here you are, Doc," he said. "That fresh little chick you got working for you tried to tell me you went home already." He broke off, and then added, meaningfully, "Tomorrow's Thursday, Doc."

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Page 5

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

THE SAFE CHECK FOR PERSPIRATION ODOUR

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

BE SEEWORTHY IN A SCAMP.^{REGD.}

The **SAILAWAY** and **CAPRI** . . . a sleek "Lastex" twosome. Sailaway in quick drying gold satin and Capri modelled from Sharkskin with lace "Lastex" inlet at top and side. Both have uplift bra and smooth outline to subtly enhance your figure.

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WHAT I had feared most happened at length. Mildred came down with the Red Death fever. Her symptoms followed the accepted pattern of dancing and singing, but, considering our differences in size—she was under five feet tall and weighed only ninety-three pounds—I could not bring myself to tie her up.

The result was that when she turned on me, suddenly leaping like a tiger cat on to my shoulder and sinking her teeth into my neck, I had great difficulty in escaping her.

As soon as I got my hands free I threw her down and put the handcuffs on her. Her hands were so small that she wriggled out of them all I succeeded in padding them with a handkerchief. She bit, scratched, and kicked fiercely all the time I was restraining her.

Having recovered from the disease, I was "mild," as we used to say in Africa of horses that had had lunge sickness, and so I was able to take better care of her than she had of me.

Nor was she hard to handle, because she would seize any lure, like a bath-towel, that I offered to her, and worry it, which kept her occupied till I could get right up to her—for a woman, like a horse or any other animal, is less dangerous when she is quite close to you. A kick or blow has to travel to gain strength.

Nevertheless, despite all my efforts—my keeping her covered and hand-feeding her—she weakened and died the day that the fever ended, curling up like a puppy in my arms so that I thought she was just sleeping and did not know she was dead till I put her down.

This description seems somewhat cold and unfeeling, but there is no way of describing such an incident except by understatement. The point was that she had been and now was not.

I was almost mad with sadness

and loneliness. My brave little companion was gone and her body had to be disposed of.

Burial was unthinkable, for no matter how deep I might have buried her, the hunger-crazed dogs would have dug her up. So, collecting furniture from the houses in the neighborhood, I made a great pyre, rested her body on the top of it, and set it ablaze, standing watch over it with a rifle in my hands.

Let those who have imagination imagine it, for I cannot describe it. Let them imagine a great heap of tables, chairs and sofas, and a man staggering to the top of the pile with a slung rifle and his dead wife over his shoulder.

Imagine him putting her down, looking at her as she lies there, climbing down and setting a match to the cotton stuffing of an arm-chair at the bottom of the heap.

Imagine all this in the street outside the house in which they have lived, and let imagination fill in the gap for each who reads it in his own way.

Like a Viking, like a Hindu widow, she was burned—utterly destroyed with the household goods of those who had died before her. There were dead in many of the houses that I had brought furniture from.

It was then that I thought of suicide, and, deciding against it, began to take to the bottle. Oddly enough, the dogs were of no help, the wet noses of their sympathy doing nothing to alleviate my sorrow.

Some days of this, or weeks—time, which had been getting vaguer, now ceased to exist entirely, because if you are alone there is no time—and then I made my decision to leave a home which no longer held anything but memories.

Seeking a place to live, I moved first to the Hotel Pierre, because of its proximity to Central Park; and then ten years or so later I moved to this cave in the Chelsea, because of the sylvan beauties of its surroundings—its grottoes, pool, and springs attracting me profoundly.

Leaving home was a strange sensation. Each thing I looked at had a history. Given by friends, bought, inherited, each thing represented something other than what it was.

They were objects certainly, some of them objects of art, but they were also memories. This man and that woman came to the surface of memory; this place and that place; this year and that year.

We were in New Orleans then, I thought. We bought those little brass cannons on our honeymoon. We bought this picture in New York, that Ivory Buddha in Paris. What was it they said about Buddhas? That you should never use them for anything—not as paperweights or doorstops; you should just have them to look at.

This was home, a collection of objects—chairs, tables, beds, chests of drawers, china, silver, pictures, books—that had been integrated into a personality by their possessors—by us. This was home in its final phase.

Build up slowly, it was now suddenly disintegrated into death. Several times I went back to look at the apartment, to walk about in it as I had walked before, to feel the things I had handled in the past.

I even collected a few things as souvenirs and took them over to the Pierre. It may have been these minor objects of art, or it may have been the location of my new abode, its convenience to 57th Street, that prompted me to make a collection of the smaller and more portable pictures that were to be found in the art galleries there.

The galleries were intact, no one having bothered to loot them—jewels and gold being the things that attracted the robbers. I got some very lovely things: a Poussin, a Utrillo; I got pictures by Renoir, Ingres, Vermeer, Manet, Monet, Dali, and Winslow Homer.

Later on, this picture-collecting became a kind of obsession and no doubt helped me to retain my sanity, for I would hunt the more expensive apartments and houses of the city in search of works of art—pictures, bibelots, and books.

I took things from museums and libraries, and so created a museum of my own in one of the large reception rooms of the hotel.

The catholicity of my taste would no doubt have amazed the late curators of the Metropolitan or the Museum of Modern Art, but I have a very interesting collection to which, even now, I occasionally add an exceptional piece if I run across one.

And it is very restful after a day's hunting in Central Park to drop in and look at the masterpieces of our vanished civilisation and reflect upon



I thought she was just sleeping, curled up like a puppy in my arms.

By **STUART CLOETE**

we had got used to it. Even as it was, I grew to enjoy it.

I see that to-day, when the even tenor of my life has been shattered by the sudden appearance of the strangers. Had they been men, I should unquestionably have killed them, but since they were young women I could not.

That I could not was not a matter of chivalry, for chivalry needs a social context in which to function.

The force that stayed my finger—which was on the trigger—was one much older than chivalry, being the force that had given birth to it. These were young females of my own species. No factor can be more disturbing to any man or animal than a young female of his own kind.

It is hard to imagine the sport of hunting in North America at this time unless the game is described. The mutations mentioned earlier did not all appear suddenly—first one turned up and then another. I found the first sign of anything odd about six years after the blast.

I was out looking for a deer in Central Park, and I came upon what looked like a dog spoor eight inches across.

My dogs, however, became very excited and went off in full cry on the scent. This was their habit and when they had brought their quarry to bay—if they could not kill it alone—they would wait for me to come up with them.

With wild cattle, donkeys, or anything of that kind, if the dogs had not killed the animal by the time I reached it, I put a bullet into it and then, whipping off the hounds, cut out the tongue, kidneys, sweetbreads or liver—whatever I fancied—for myself, and then I finished their fill.

Please turn to page 22

Gaynor

Charming two tone peep-toe Court by Gaynor features elegance and comfort.

The studded platform and dainty bow distinguish this white buck shoe by Gaynor.

AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

KEEP ON ASKING FOR

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

DC 10.

Cyclops

LOOK FELLERS! A CYCLOPS!

Cyclops TOYS

FOR LONG WEAR LOOK FOR THE BRAND

LATEST PORTRAITS



MOTHER OF THE BRIDE: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth will enter Westminster Abbey with members of the Royal Family, following after the ecclesiastical procession led by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.



FATHER OF THE BRIDE: His Majesty King George VI will escort the bride in the gilt-and-chocolate-colored coach drawn by eight dapple-grey horses. They will walk down the aisle to a march by Sir Hubert Parry.



THE BRIDEGROOM: Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, formerly Prince Philip of Greece, will await his bride at the altar, with his best man, the Marquis of Milford Haven. The bride will promise to love, cherish, and obey him.



THE BRIDE: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, 21-year-old Heiress Presumptive to the Throne, will be attended by eight bridesmaids and two pages. Her bridegroom will place a Welsh gold ring on her finger in the marriage service.



THE IRISH STATE COACH, chosen for the King and Princess Elizabeth to drive to the Abbey from Buckingham Palace, is escorted by Household Cavalry.

"The bride and bridegroom" —Empire's toast

London forgets its troubles to wish them joy and happiness

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

A wedding is a family occasion, and the family of the British Commonwealth of Nations is united in wishing joy, happiness, long life, good health, and all their hearts' desires to Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

Enjoyment seems easy this week in London and everyone is gayer and happier.

NO rich and symbolic parades are required to enhance this Royal wedding, which, in the stately setting of Westminster Abbey, will unite two young people who have endeared themselves to the youth of an Empire.

For a week now Buckingham Palace has become the focal point of public attention as thousands of visitors pour into London.

Thousands more have travelled the whole Royal wedding route—guide books in hand.

Prices for window seats along the wedding route have skyrocketed in the past few days.

People who jibbed at fifty guineas for the Coronation procession are paying a hundred for the Princess' wedding, and Chancellor of the Exchequer Dr. Dalton is rubbing his hands gleefully as he claims entertainment tax on every seat sold.

Westminster Hospital, which commands the best view of the proceedings outside the Abbey, has sold its seats to the "regulars," and one of them has seen every Royal ceremony from there since Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. One Cockney, who is "making a few bob on the side" by holding places on the kerbstone, said: "Yor can't blame people for havin' a blow-out. 'There's no grub and only watery beer in the pub, so why not 'ave an eyeful of the Princess? You're only married once."

But it isn't only those "wivout the price" who'll be pavement watchers. Even for Members of Parliament it's "standing room only" outside Westminster Abbey.

For, with no stands erected, rich and poor alike will jostle elbows on the sidewalk.

For any bride the last days before her wedding are days of tension.

For Princess Elizabeth the last weeks have had the same quality of tension and nervous strain.

The Princess' preoccupation has been on an infinitely bigger scale, since she's the central figure in a ceremony that goes into official history and will be described in most countries in detail.

To spare his daughter a little on her wedding day the King has forbidden the filming of the actual wedding ceremony.

He feels the Princess' emotions at the Abbey altar are not a subject for the screen.

Neither will the wedding ceremony be televised.

But perched in the organ loft, Wynford Vaughan Thomas, of the B.B.C. (who accompanied the Royal

Family on the South African tour), will describe in detail the Royal wedding.

The whole service, including responses, will be heard by listeners all over the world.

A record number of 34 British and foreign broadcasters, from a window opposite the west door of the Abbey, will tell the world in every language.

New York stations will open two hours earlier for the direct re-broadcast, as far west as Denver and south as Miami.

But as the wedding is too early for the West Coast of the U.S., a special recording will be made, and Hollywood will hear the Royal news at breakfast-time.

The busiest caterer in London for the Royal wedding is Mr. James Kennedy, Comptroller of Supply at Buckingham Palace. He has, this week, to collect extra rations for 28 foreign Royal personages who are the King's guests at the Palace.

Their rations are the same as those of other visitors.

Foreign Royalties and distinguished visitors are the only "headache" this week. And they are "headaches" for the Royal "shadow," as well as for the Comptroller of Supply.

Commander Burt, who was responsible for security arrangements on the South African tour, is in charge of security arrangements at the Royal wedding. Every foreign Royalty has at least one and in some cases two Special Branch men attached to him or her as a permanent bodyguard.

Wherever foreign Royalties go, these New Scotland Yard men "shadow" them.

One guest who will be sadly missed is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who felt her work as a member of the United States Delegation to the United Nations was too important to leave at the moment.

The guest list was probably the most complicated of the wedding arrangements.

Both Elizabeth and Philip have a wide circle of friends outside the Court and long lists of official guests, so that whom to invite and whom to leave out was a vexatious problem.

Getting their own wedding day dresses are 20 girls who helped to make Princess Elizabeth's wedding dress.

Four of them are the dressmakers who made the lovely embroidered white satin gown in Hartnell's workrooms. The two men who wove the silk for the bridal train and men and women textile workers from factories that turned out the wedding and going-away dress material are among those who will take their seats in Westminster Abbey.

In top hat and morning coat, the stationmaster at Wolferton, Norfolk (the station for Sandringham), Mr. Jordan, will present his invitation at the door of the Abbey.



HAPPY PICTURE of the Royal bride and bridegroom on their recent visit to Clydebank.

Old family servants of the Strathmores, the Queen's family, will arrive by bus from St. Paul's Walden. They will sit in the Abbey beside the Princess' former riding instructors, the old schoolmistress at Birkhall, "Crawfie," the Princess' governess, and her husband.

Elizabeth's rather more sheltered life made wedding invitations easier than Philip's, for her friends, naturally enough, are drawn from the families and people with whom she has grown up.

Philip Mountbatten, with relatives and friends in every continent and a host of pals in the Navy, found himself faced with a greater problem.

Because of seating accommodation, the bride's parents planned him down to 20 guests.

Remembering the warm hospitality and fine friendships he had enjoyed in Australia, the first half-dozen invitations were airmailed there.

Everybody's wedding

SOME of his skittle-playing pals from Corsham, Wiltshire, where he is a naval instructor, were next on the list.

No Princess in history has ever had such a simple wedding, and such an assortment of wedding guests. For the highest to the lowest have been asked just as the highest to the lowest in the land have sent her wedding presents.

It is that aspect of this union which makes it so romantic and makes it everybody's wedding.

When Princess Elizabeth accepted the foreign-born Philip as her future husband and Consort there was no telling which way British public opinion would turn.

But after a few dismal squeaks against "foreign entanglements," the romance ran smoothly. And today there is scarcely a Britisher who cannot trace the common relationship of the couple back to Queen

Victoria and point out that Philip's Greek connections are slender.

On his several public engagements with Elizabeth, Philip has more than pleased the British people, who were only too willing to take him to their hearts, for the sake of his Uncle Dickie, Admiral Lord Mountbatten.

Though gay and boyish in looks and temperament, Philip's more earnest streak is developing. Already one can feel him shouldering much of Elizabeth's responsibility. With a deeply religious mother Philip's adventurous school life and naval career have had a firm anchorage in his family.

He has chosen as his motto, "God Is My Help," in his new coat of arms.

The design bears the arms of Princess Alice (his mother) over all in the first quarter on the arms of Denmark and Greece.

The supporters to the shield are Hercules, representing Greece, and the Lion of England, gorged with a naval crown. The crest has five ostrich feathers derived from the Caribbrooke and Mountbatten arms.

At Broadlands, where the honeymoon suite is a wing of a hospital, there are wards of patients who don't want to get better. "I've never had a more cheerful lot," the matron, Miss Mary Shaw Kelly, told me.

"They are either half-dead and won't lie down, or well and they won't get up."

Everyone is waiting to see the Royal honeymooners when they walk in the grounds of Broadlands.

"I've never seen a real Princess," sighed Rosemary Crutcher, eight-year-old child patient.

For little Rosemary it will be like a fairy tale.

As they leave for their honeymoon at Broadlands and their life together, the crowds surging round Buckingham Palace will echo the old toast, so dear and familiar, "The Bride and Bridegroom."



ROYAL SPECIAL LICENCE for the wedding. The vellum document is lettered in an engraving hand of 17th century style by the calligrapher, Mr. Henry J. Fisher.

ALL GOOD WISHES

ON Thursday night, most Australians will "attend" the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten.

Through their radios, they will hear the voices of these two young people as they claim each other before the world.

Australians share this romantic hour of listening with the people of Great Britain, the other Dominions, and the colonies, and thus is demonstrated again the power and value of the Crown as a unifying link between the nations of the British Commonwealth.

Millions of people express the pride they feel in being British through their affection for the Royal Family.

This stands above all party and factional strife as the focus and symbol of all that is best in national feeling. And since that symbol is a

had turned out to wish her well.

As Princess Elizabeth answers "I will," the listening millions will feel a proprietorial pride in this lovely young woman whose destiny is linked with theirs and who can be great and happy only if they are so.

Even on this day, with its flood of good wishes for her future happiness with her husband, the significance of her position cannot be forgotten.

The high romantic moment of the wedding becomes also a solemn entry in the page of history, and in wishing them well we wish the nation well.



ARTIST SPROD visits the dress materials department of a city store.

It seems to me...

WHAT-HO for television if Federal Members adopted Allan Fraser's idea of more comfortable, colorful clothes in the House.

Mr. Fraser said, truly enough, that for summer Australian men's clothes are "inefficient, unhealthy, and foolish." But I think his advocacy of shorts and open-necked shirts as wear in the House goes a little far.

Being a neat and youthful figure himself, Mr. Fraser would probably look all right. But, naming no names, one can think of some Parliamentary silhouettes on which shorts would contribute to the dignity neither of the wearer nor the House.

As for Mr. Fraser's idea of more colorful clothes, members would have to be careful. Imagine the opening it would give Mr. Abbott

Coming back to television, Parliamentary broadcasts will eventually have their effect on the type of men we get in Parliament. If and when the House is televised, electors will probably be as critical of profiles as they are now of accent. A simple solution would be to elect film actors to Parliament.

STROLLING round the suburbs on the pleasant summer days

Snooping at the gardens and comparing the displays We note the variation in the sexes' moral sense As wives so blithely plunder little flowers through the fence

Or snatch a "weeny cutting" from an overhanging spray,

While, stiff with disapproval, husbands stare the other way.

THE wheatbag collection drive started by the Blue Mountains Council seemed a sound move to help the wheat harvest.

Alderman Wynne Davies (who, incidentally, is one of our artists) started the drive for collecting bags from householders and hoped other Councils would follow suit.

Normally, it's hard in peacetime to rouse interest in a community effort of this kind. In ordinary years the wind that ruffles the ripening wheat harvest causes no stir in the cities, but this year it has. The thought of a huge crop so badly needed has caught the imagination of the continent.

The majority of citizens would be glad to do something practical to help.

If only a comparatively small number of bags are collected we're still better off than we were before. And it's a far, far better thing than muttering useless recriminations about the shortage in a world of shortages.



MY favorite reading of the week has been a book from an American publisher, "Psychiatry For Everyman," by J. A. C. Brown.

If this sounds a bit heavy, let me assure you that it's dished up for the lay mind, as its title suggests, and places no greater strain on the intellect than the P. L. Greene thriller that I'd finished the night before.

A popular book on psychiatry has a charm even greater than one of those old-fashioned "doctor's books," readers of which soon discovered themselves to be suffering from at least 50 per cent. of the ailments described.

The advantage of a book devoted to the study of the mind is that you soon turn from analysing your own neurotic symptoms to look for them among your acquaintances. This is an entertaining pastime, though to offer a diagnosis or to look knowing when they describe their dreams doesn't add to your popularity.

TALKING about the mind and its vagaries, there are theories that the weather has a considerable effect on human behaviour.

These theories were very appealing during some of the westerly winds that swept the east coast recently.

Now that scientists are experimenting with stopping rain as well as making rain there may come a time when the whole globe can be conditioned to a pleasant balmy temperature, with a consequent improvement in tempers all round, and perhaps an improvement in international relations.

But first we'd have to reach agreement on what was ideal weather and that might cause as much dissension in U.N.O. as reparations.

THERE'S a move afoot to change the name of the Sturmer apple to something more attractive.

When I saw the report of this suggestion—sent to the Tasmanian Fruit Board by the chief executive officer of the Potato Marketing Board in Sydney (Mr. A. C. Foster)—I was immediately interested, partly because the Sturmer has long been my favorite apple, and partly because of Mr. Foster's idea that a good new name would be "Golden Blonde."

Canvassing the idea round the office, I met an assertion that cherry is a pretty name, whereas cabbage is not. This may be a psychological confusion of the "no-wonder-they-call-them-plugs" variety.

"Sturmer," as Mr. Foster says, is "harsh and unromantic," but if it is changed then the Fruit Board must look forward to a period of confusion.

However, "Golden Blonde," as a feminine name, is no doubt appropriate to an apple. It sounds rather expensive, but, then, so are apples these days.

Interesting People



MRS. VIJAYA PANDIT
... cobra brought luck

INDIA'S first ambassador to Russia, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, was also India's first woman Minister, when appointed Health Minister in 1937. Is elegant, has dignity, fine personality. When a child she was reading in the garden when a cobra glided towards her with hood spread. Her father chased the snake away and her mother predicted a great future for her, as old Indian legend says luck will attend person alone whom a cobra has raised its hood.



COMMODORE E. W. ANSTICE
... long air experience

TALL, fair-haired Edmund Anstice fills newly created post of Fourth Member of the Australian Commonwealth Naval Board. His main job will be to advise on all aspects of naval aviation. Has worked in this field since 1924, when he was one of 50 R.N. officers chosen to do first course for naval pilots in new Fleet Air Arm scheme. For past year has worked on developments for making two aircraft carriers main striking force of R.A.N.



MRS. HELEN BOUSFIELD
... daily bread

CARAVANING with her landscape artist husband Peter Bousfield has given Sydney radio and stage play writer Helen Bousfield a knowledge of Australian wheatlands, and she has now completed the dialogue for the film version of her radio play "Golden Legacy," based on the life of William Farrer, pioneer wheat expert, to be made by Collins' Productions, Melbourne, under the title of "Our Daily Bread." Harvesting scenes will be filmed this month.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Royal pair's honeymoon houses and first home

● For their honeymoon Princess Elizabeth and her husband have chosen two widely contrasting but equally beautiful homes. For the first four weeks they will stay at Broadlands, near Romsey, in Hampshire, home of Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten, and for the last two at Birkhall, Deeside home in Scotland of the King and Queen when they were Duke and Duchess of York. Then they will go to their own home, Windlesham Moor, in Surrey. See Windlesham story on page 31



BIRKHALL, a few miles from Balmoral, is charming, ivy-covered house, in glorious surroundings. Has happy childhood memories for Princess Elizabeth.



CORNER of famous Windlesham Moor gardens shows rustic bridge over small lake. The estate covers 50 acres and is noted for its rhododendron display.



SOUTH WING of Broadlands. Honeymooners will use seven rooms retained by family when house became hospital. Rooms are gay, comfortably furnished.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 22, 1947



AERIAL VIEW of Windlesham Moor shows parklands and formal gardens with herbaceous borders. It is one of most beautiful small estates in Surrey.



HOSPITAL entrance at Broadlands, where patients have full use of grounds. Private rooms are reached by side door, opening into wide entrance hall.

Page 11

KLIPPER PURE WOOL TIES and Dressing Gowns are Now Obtainable from all Stores and Mercers throughout Australia.

Price For Perfection

Continued from page 3

SIMON was a thoughtful for a moment. "Well, Tuscan, then. Trailing up a hill beside two white oxen, the wagon piled high with purple grapes."

"Anything else?"
"Just my own sweet little cutie." He kissed her. "Give me your sweater. I'll put it in here." He sat down on the stair and unbuckled the knapsack.

Jinks, the cocker spaniel pup, came bounding in from the garden and buried himself on Edna. And she began to play with him, flicking the red scarf she was carrying, flicking it teasingly just out of reach of his excited leaping.

Or nearly, not quite.
Jinks made a desperate leap, snatched the scarf out of her hand and made for the door with it, tossing his head, trailing the scarf between his scampering black paws.

She dived after him. "Jinks, here! Come back; give it to me!"

The rug slid across the parquet, and Edna with it. She put out a hand and caught at the console table to steady herself.

On the table was a Meissen vase, one of the most valuable pieces in Mrs. Masson's treasured collection. It stood in front of the dim old mirror which threw back a second splendor of royal blue and gold and rose.

As Edna clutched at the table the tall piece rocked and tilted. She gave a cry; tried to catch it; tried to stop the catastrophe. But the vase fell to the floor and burst apart like a great flower falling with a scatter of petals.

Simon sprang forward as Edna stooped and picked up some of the fragments. For a minute or two they stood speechless. Simon stared down at the fragments of the vase in Edna's hands.

Mrs. Masson came running in from the terrace. She stood a moment in the doorway, her dark eyes sweeping the scene before her.

"Not my Meissen vase!" and, rushing forward, she knelt down. Edna cried: "Oh, I'm so dreadfully sorry!"

Mrs. Masson stooped over the broken pieces; and for a moment, by the extreme horror on her mother-in-law's face, Edna was reminded of a woman she had seen once—in a bomb raid—stooping over a wounded child. Could anything else—anything like the breakage of a vase—mean so much as all that?

She began again: "I'm so dreadfully—" But Simon cut her short. He said: "Look, Mum, I'm terribly sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I was just playing with Jinks and I—I knocked it over with my elbow."

Edna stared. What was he saying? That he had done it, that he had broken it? Not able to believe that she had heard aright she opened her mouth to exclaim to confess, to say it was she.

But he wouldn't let her speak. Over his mother's bent figure he frowned and shook his head furiously silent.

"I'd give the world if it hadn't happened," he said.

His mother, intent on her loss, wasn't listening. Gazing down at the wreckage she was murmuring: "I can't believe it. After all the years! My lovely, lovely vase!"

"Mum, dear, I know it's no use

saying anything; I know how you feel about it. But there's that chap in Drew Street—Hubbard—he does miracles with broken china."

"Oh, Simon, don't be foolish!" "Honest, Mum, you positively won't be able to see where it was broken—all the pattern and the glaze just as it was. It's only in four pieces. He'll be able to make a perfect job of it."

She said, almost savagely, "Don't you understand—living all these years in this house—that a piece like that, broken and mended—'it's valueless.'"

He said obstinately: "I know; I know that. But you're not trying to do it. I'll take it up to Hubbard. It'll still be beautiful to look at."

His mother went towards the stairs. "You can save yourself the trouble. It's finished now, for me. Put the pieces away somewhere so that I shan't see it again."

Edna said, when she had gone: "Simon—how could you! If you think I'm going to let you—"

He said curtly: "You've got nothing to do with this. I know best about this."

"I don't care what you know. It's all wrong. It's mean and cowardly."

"Will you please leave this to me, Edna? You don't know Mum as well as I do."

"It's wrong," she repeated. "It's horrible. A grown-up person not to be able to tell the truth! Like a scared child. I didn't do it. It wasn't me! I feel just too small. I'm going right up now to tell her."

He caught her arm. "Oh, for pity's sake!" His face looked positively desperate. "Don't interfere in this. She's in a state now, but she'll get over it. Please leave it."

Edna said, looking at him steadily: "You mean, if she thinks you did it?"

"That's what I mean." But he evaded her glance. "She'll forgive me anything. I don't want her to feel that you—I'm so keen for her to like you—I mean..." He floundered.

"But why? It isn't as though I'd done it on purpose. It isn't a crime. It all seems so exaggerated to me."

But she didn't move again to go upstairs. She just couldn't go right against his wish.

It wasn't possible to say any more either, because what she was thinking couldn't be said—not to Simon—not about his mother; that nothing, not the most precious possession in the world, mattered as much as a straightforward, honest relationship between people without deceit, without fear.

He was kneeling down, gathering up the broken pieces. She could see by the expression on his face that he was angry with himself, angry with her, too, hating the falseness of the situation he'd forced on her, every bit as much as she did.

She said at last: "Well, if you're really going to have it mended we'd better go up to town with it right away to Hubbard."

He muttered, agreeing: "Yea, I suppose we'd better, that's so."

She turned to go up. "I'll go and change."

The day wasn't golden any more. It was, like the object of the tragedy, smashed into ugly pieces with jagged edges.

Simon got out the car, and they drove up to town and left the vase with the china mender.

They had lunch and went to a matinee. But Edna couldn't keep her mind on what the actors were saying behind the footlights. She laughed automatically, pretending to enjoy herself. And she knew that Simon was only pretending, too.

WORTH Reporting

ANNA NEAGLE will give the commentary in a composite film describing the wedding of Princess Elizabeth to Philip Mountbatten.

Pathe Pictures have planned to film the wedding from every vantage point, and will fly it to Australia immediately after the ceremony.

In it Anna Neagle will give a commentary as the Royal processions leave Buckingham Palace for Westminster Abbey.

She also will describe the arrival of the bridegroom, the church dignitaries, and other celebrities.

Included in the film will be a scene of the Duchess of Kent dressing her daughter, Princess Alexandra, who is one of the bridesmaids.

Though no movie cameras will be allowed inside the Abbey, Pathe have surmounted this difficulty by planning to project the pictures taken of the ceremony by still cameras, and by including the Princess's responses, which are to be recorded.

Movie cameras will again take up the story by filming the Royal bride as she cuts the cake. Movie cameramen have been allowed inside Buckingham Palace to film Princess Elizabeth's wedding gown in her private suite, and her presents.

Part of Anna Neagle's commentary includes excerpts from speeches made by England's first Queen Elizabeth to be contrasted with recordings of the twenty-first birthday speech of Britain's future Queen Elizabeth.

Bedspread for Princess

THE Sydney firm which is air-mailing a beige chenille bedspread to Princess Elizabeth as a wedding present had its beginnings during the war, when two fathers decided to leave the jobs they had and start in business for their sons.

The fathers were George P. Brown and Alfred Duncan, both of the 1st A.I.F. Their sons, Don Brown (now 23), Bruce Duncan (23), and Gordon Duncan (22), all served together in the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea.

When the three boys, still in the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea, heard about their fathers' project, they used to practise salesmanship on each other and on any of their mates who would co-operate.

The firm, Linfield Linens, making and selling trousseau sets—underwear and linen—has now been in business a little more than a year.

When they got back to Westways that evening Edna noticed that on the console now stood a severely beautiful white jade bowl. It seemed to her like a wreath on a tomb.

The first mail at Westways was delivered after breakfast. Liddell took the letters and put them on a tray in the hall.

Coming out from breakfast next morning Simon found the letter from Hubbard.

Edna stood beside him as he opened it, reading over his shoulder. Mrs. Masson was scanning a letter, too, and Mr. Masson gathering up his.

Simon's eye ran down the page. He exclaimed: "I say, listen to this. What do you think—about the vase? Hubbard says—"

Mr. Masson turned sharply from the table.

The suddenness of his movement caught Edna's attention. The full morning light flooding in through the doorway lit his usually rather shut-in face and showed her there something that seemed like panic.

She couldn't, just then, see all round its meaning. She only knew it was a signal, an appeal, and that she must stop Simon reading further.

Snatching the letter out of his hand she announced glibly: "Hubbard says he can mend the vase perfectly. Isn't that fine? He says it'll take him a little while, but when it's done you won't be able to see

Animal Antics



"The whole darn family is a bunch of 'no goods.'"

AMONG Princess Elizabeth's wedding presents was one from the Women's Voluntary Services. Members contributed sums ranging from one penny to sixpence, and bought with it a large refrigerator—an appropriate present from an organisation whose members are largely housewives.

Musical queues

NOT only do you queue in London for food and scarce items of clothing, but if you are a musician you queue, as well, for practice rooms. Yvonne Gannon, young Australian violinist, told us. She has just returned to Australia after two years abroad on a travelling scholarship.

"London is full of young musicians wanting to practise for several hours a day," she said. "Even with practice rooms costing up to 2/9 an hour, you have to book ahead."

"When you don't get a practice room, or can't afford one, the idea is to practise in your boarding-house until the landlady or the other lodgers ask you to stop, then to begin going to the Royal Academy at 8.30 in the morning and queueing for the use of the professors' rooms until they arrive."

"If, later on, the professor is called away, you pop into his room and practise until he returns and puts you out," she said. "Though I graduated from the Academy and became a member of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, I did my practice all over London."

that it was ever broken or anything."

Mrs. Masson, with noticeable restraint, failed to comment. She just nodded aloofly and went on upstairs.

There was a brittle silence between the three left in the hall. Mr. Masson let out a long breath, like someone who has escaped a danger, narrowly. He said, looking at Edna: "Thank you, my dear. That was very quick of you."

She stammered: "I'm afraid I didn't understand. I didn't know exactly what was wrong, but—but I saw there was something..."

"There was—I heard about the accident yesterday," Clare told me. But she didn't mention that you had taken the vase to be mended. I think I know what Hubbard said in that letter, Simon—why you exclaimed. I expect he told you that that piece of Meissen had been broken before, and mended—by him."

Simon said: "Yes, that's what he says. But what does it mean? He says he didn't recognise the piece till I'd left the shop, then he thought he ought to write and tell me."

His father nodded slowly. "Yes, I broke it. Fifteen years ago." The words had a halting sound; words coming out reluctantly, like prisoners facing the light after years of dim confinement.

"It happened when your mother

Broadlands' history

BROADLANDS, home of Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten, where the Royal pair will spend their honeymoon, was originally part of Romsey Abbey. But when Jane Seymour married Henry VIII her ambitious brother seized Broadlands and it became Crown property, was leased to the St. Barbe family.

The last male of this family, Sir John St. Barbe, died in 1723 and a distant cousin inherited, with instructions to sell.

It was bought by the first Lord Palmerston, and the house was completely refaced and refurnished. By the end of the 18th century it was a white brick Georgian manor.

The Prime Minister, the third Lord Palmerston, having no heir, left Broadlands to Lord Mount Temple, his wife's second son by her first marriage. It then passed on to the present owner, Viscountess Mountbatten, who is a daughter of the first Baron Mount Temple.

Traffic colors

WE called on Mr. Reg Smee, of the Standards Association of Australia, the other day to find out why pedestrian crossings, silent cops, and other traffic markings are painted yellow.

Mr. Smee is technical assistant to the association's Road Signs and Traffic Signals Committee.

Yellow, he said, was the chosen color because it showed clearly in all lights and generally gave the best all-round results.

He went on to tell us that although colors used in traffic signals vary in different countries, the red triangle studded with reflectors, which warns of really dangerous points, is recognised throughout the world.

According to Mr. Smee, many of our traffic signs of the future will be made from a cardboard-like, synthetic material which has 10,000 glass spheres to every square inch.

Signs made from this sparkling material, which comes in various colors, will show one warning during the day and another at night.

For instance, Mr. Smee showed us two colors called camouflage-white and camouflage-black. The former shows white in daylight and black at night under headlights, and the latter is black during the day and silver at night.

This means that two lots of letters can be painted on the same background. One will show during the day and the other at night.

Mr. Smee said this will be invaluable, particularly when used on highways which have different speed limits for day and night.

was away one time. I took it along to Hubbard and he mended it. I put it back where it had been before she returned. I didn't tell her what had happened. She's never known... all these years. Of course, if she'd ever wanted to sell it I should have had to—confess."

He gave a half smile, his eyes apologetically scanning the two silent young faces for understanding for absolution. "But as it was, it seemed better to say nothing." He lit a cigarette, walked across the hall, and carefully placed the burnt match in an ashtray.

"Perhaps," he said, "to be honest now—these things meant so much to her—I lacked the courage; and crossing the hall went in to his desk to his books, to his retreat."

Once again, to Edna, the sound of that door closing carried a clear meaning, spoke the knowledge of what spent wisdom in relationships between her and Simon's mother... now... in the future.

It must have carried its meaning to Simon, too. A long look passed between them.

She said: "Now will you let me go and tell your mother the truth? That it was I, not you, who knocked her vase off the table yesterday?"

Simon took her two hands in his and, stooping, kissed them. He said: "Yes, honey, go ahead."

And Edna ran up the stairs. (Copyright)

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Come on now, fellows! We have the use of the gym for the evening—let's put it to good advantage!"

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

R.A.A.F.'s first helicopter tested in Victoria



DESIGNER AND HELICOPTER CREW. Warrant-Officer Phil McMillan (left); captain of aircraft, Squadron-Leader Ken Robertson; and Flight-Lieut. K. Busby (right) snapped with helicopter designer Igor Sikorsky and helicopter S51 when they spent three months in United States recently, making special study of helicopter flying and maintenance.

Could land fire-fighters, rescue the marooned, deliver papers

By MARY COLES of our Melbourne staff

Popular song hit "Running Around in Circles Getting Nowhere" is theme tune for ace test-pilot Squadron-Leader Ken Robertson, of South Yarra, Melbourne, and highly skilled maintenance officers, Flight-Lieut. K. Busby, Belmore, N.S.W., and Warrant-Officer Phil McMillan, Artarmon, N.S.W.

They're the R.A.A.F. team chosen to make a "guinea pig" out of the Government's recently arrived American Sikorsky helicopter, S51, to test its capabilities under Australian conditions.

SITTING up in the sky in the rust and grey toned, beautifully upholstered cabin, they can literally stand still and watch the world roll by. It's undoubtedly a fascinating, almost uncanny, sensation this art of staying stationary up there among the stars.

From a strictly passenger point of view, think of being in a small sedan car with slick, transparent perspex sliding-doors, jacked up high on a garage hoist for greasing. Now toss in a feeling of intense vibration and imagine you can hear the whirling thrashers of the rotor blades which flay clouds like an egg-whisk . . . and you have a fair idea of helicoptering.

Blazing straight from the ground like a store lift, you can stop at all "floors" if you want to pause at nine, ten, fifteen, in fact, any number of feet from the ground, for a little helicopter window-shopping.

If you're in a hurry, you can travel straight up express, then cloud-cruise at from five to 120 miles an hour.

After two hours you've got to come down to refuel. It's a gentle, vertical descent, again just like easy elevator travel, and anyone's flat-roofed house or tennis court is a convenient sized tarmac to land on. But don't start budgeting for a helicopter of your own yet Mr. and Mrs. Suburbia!

Squadron-Leader Robertson, probably the only man in Australia who is able to fly one, says their apparent simplicity is a catch!

He's down aircraft of every description, from tinny trainers to jet-propelled planes. He won the Air Force Cross for his research work in helping Professor P. S. Cotton perfect an anti-blackout flying-suit. Yet he hands it to flying a helicopter as the toughest job of his career.

"It's real work," he grins with tremendous enthusiasm.

He explains that although a man feels a bit like Buck Rogers or

Flash Gordon sitting at the controls in the ultra-streamlined, all-perspex nose of the aircraft, piloting a helicopter to-day is as laborious as driving a car was in 1908.

"They're primitive," he says. Watching him on the job, he reminds you of an overworked Wurlitzer organist. Both hands and feet are in action all the time, manipulating the array of gadgets he has to operate continuously.

His only relaxation is a slight easing of nervous tension when you're high in the sky, cruising along at about 80 miles an hour. That's in good weather, of course. When the weather man decides to put on a turn, helicopter travel is as tummy-sickening as being tossed round in mid-air on a string.

Fog holds no terrors for helicopters, but a windy day means grounding.

Other drawbacks to popularity at present include high production and running costs, and inability to carry heavy loads.



FLIGHT-LIEUT. K. BUSBY, of the crew of S51, photographed at Point Cook after a trial flight.

But their contribution to the solution of air-transport problems in being able to land and take off in an extremely small space by coming straight down and going straight up lures aeronautical visionaries to continue experimenting.

Squadron-Leader Robertson had his introduction to helicopters when he did an Empire Test Pilot's course in the United Kingdom last year. He returned home via America recently, and spent three months with Flight-Lieut. Busby and Warrant-Officer McMillan at the Sikorsky helicopter production works at Bridgeport.

He admits "helicopters have got him." And he's going to be a very disappointed man if S51 doesn't respond successfully to the comprehensive trials she is to undertake.

Wartime work of helicopters



CAPTAIN. Squadron-Leader Ken Robertson snapped stepping from S51 on return to hangar at Point Cook.

covered rescue assignments in jungles and areas on land and sea normally inaccessible from the air.

In conjuring up visions of their peacetime role, Squadron-Leader Robertson points out that helicopters may rescue fruit orchards and crops from the grip of pests with low-flying spraying, and even possibly combat soil erosion by spreading seed and soil-clogging formulas — flying low and carefully following the contours of barren plains and ordinarily inaccessible hills and gullies.

They could land bushfire fighters at strategic spots and take supplies to snow or flood bound people.

When fitted with floats, helicopters can come down on the sea as easily as on land.

But in taking supplies to flooded areas they need not come down all the way.

By just hovering over housetops, supplies could be neatly dropped or a rope ladder put out for passengers to clamber aboard.

The tests Squadron-Leader Robertson, Flight-Lieut. Busby, and Warrant-Officer McMillan carry out will act as guide to practicability, versatility, and commercial possibilities of helicopters in Australia.

"They're not yet a paying proposition from the ordinary standpoint."

says Squadron-Leader Robertson, "but in the United States they're being pioneered by some commercial enterprises for such jobs as taxiing passengers between out-of-town airports and the cities."

"In Los Angeles air mail is now being delivered by helicopter. Letters arriving on incoming planes are sorted on the spot at the airport and rushed to suburban post offices by helicopter. Mail trucks stand by, however, to take over delivery if the weather is rough."

Helicopters have also been used for delivering newspapers.

On another occasion in America, he saw stewards follow a big race in a helicopter.

Squadron-Leader Robertson says vital personality behind helicopter-promotion section of American aircraft manufacturers is former Russian engineer Igor Sikorsky.

Silver-haired, his gentle, unassuming manner has given rise to the story that if you're going round the Sikorsky plant and you ask anyone where you can find the great man himself, you'll get the answer "Keep going round the works until you trip over the feet of a middle-aged gentleman."

"If he apologises profusely, saying 'I am so sorry,' and taking full responsibility for your clumsiness you'll know it's Igor Sikorsky!"

S51, now at Pt. Cook, is one of his latest models.

R.A.A.F. personnel are inclined to regard the helicopter as an ugly duckling.

Instead of the usual propellers there are two three-bladed rotors. The larger whizzes round like an agitated palm-tree above the engine at the rear of the cabin. The second cuts double speed in the opposite direction at the tail of the helicopter. It's this furious conflict of direction between the two rotors that enables the pilot to go exactly up, exactly down, straight ahead, backwards, or just "put."

But the most important thing about one to a person like me is that a helicopter is just the kind of plane to make you air-minded.

Being able to cruise along only five feet above the kerb gives you a comfortable feeling that "after all, you can always step out and walk back!"



"STAYING PUT" in mid-air fifteen feet from ground, Sikorsky helicopter S51 makes intriguing sight after lift-like ascent at Point Cook.



Protection!

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PICNICS • HIKING
FISHING • GARDENING
AND IN THE HOME

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE
IN TUBES SUITABLE FOR
HANDBAG OR POCKET

PRICE 1/6

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS is a "mixed" week. For a few it will mean general good fortune, but most people will be beset by problems and upsets.

Scorpios, Cancerians, and Pisces will benefit if they work hard and Sagittarians, Leonians, and Arians can console themselves with the thought that good weeks are ahead.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good fortune and romance are in the air. Nov. 20 (to 8 p.m.) and 21 are particularly good for friendship and business changes.

TACRUS (April 21 to May 22): Careful behaviour on Nov. 19, 20, and 21 may keep you out of trouble, but you must be patient and cautious all the week. Not a good week at all.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): You should finalise important mat-



"Don't tell me, Mr. Jenks, that my little girl got you on the string all by herself!"

Nov. 19 (except between noon and 4 p.m.) and 20 (between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m.). Be careful Nov. 21 to 22.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Be cautious all week, for upsets and worries are likely in routine tasks until Nov. 20, when things improve. Nov. 24 (to 1 p.m.) good.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): This is not a good time for new ventures, so try to routine, especially on Nov. 21 (very adverse), 22, and 23. Afternoon of Nov. 24 fair, but not good.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Nov. 19 (except between noon and 4 p.m.) and 20 (very daylight) are quite fair for any important projects, but be cautious on Nov. 21.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Hard work will bring results, but Nov. 19, 20, and most of 21 very difficult. Nov. 22 is not bad, and the evening of Nov. 23 is good.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): A splendid time for romance, happiness, and new ventures. Nov. 19 (after 4 p.m.), 20 (daylight), and 21 (to 8 p.m.) good.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Modest opportunities on Nov. 13 (afternoon), 14 (afternoon), and 22 (morning). Nov. 23 routine on Nov. 24.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be very cautious on Nov. 19, 20, and 21. Avoid fights and aggressive or indiscreet ventures. Nov. 22 and 24 (noon) fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Finalise important matters on Nov. 19 (after 4 p.m.), 20 (daylight), and 21 (noon to dusk).

Nov. 22 and 23 (before noon) very good.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer the letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 11-22 (expire Nov. 20, end of following year).
BUTTER: 21-22 (expire Nov. 20, end of following year).
MEAT: 23-24 (expire Nov. 20, end of following year); green, 25-26 (also expire Nov. 20).
CLOTHING: 1-26 current.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. They call at a tropical harbor. Natives come aboard, including **THE CHIEF:** Willy head of the tribe. He asks

Betty as his wife in return for three cows and information where flame pearls may be found. When offer is refused he kidnaps Betty and sends three cows on a raft. Mandrake and the Colonel find Betty dressed for wedding, and when Chief refuses to release her Mandrake turns the cows into snarling tigers.



NOW READ ON:



TERRIFIED, THE OLD CHIEF RUNS--THE GROUND SEEMS TO SHAKE UNDER HIS FEET--FLAMES SEEM TO SPRING UP ABOUT HIM--FALLING COCONUTS SEEM TO EXPLODE ABOUT HIM LIKE HAND GRENADES...



HE FALLS BEFORE MANDRAKE. "PLEASE, MASTER WIZARD," HE IMPLORES, "TAKE BACK THE GIRL AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE. NO WIFE IS WORTH SO MUCH TROUBLE."



TO HUMOR THE OLD CHIEF, MANDRAKE PERFORMS MORE MAGICAL TRICKS--WITH BETTY AS HIS ASSISTANT.



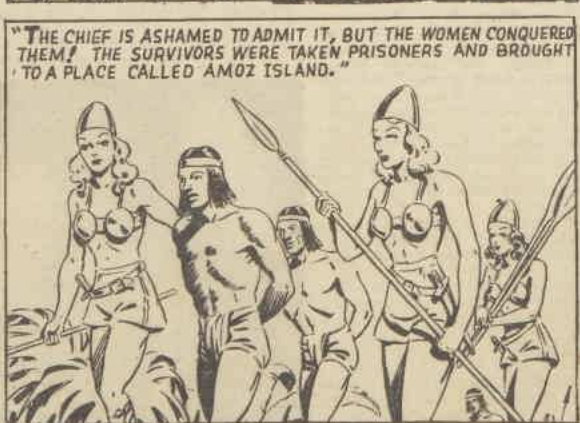
THE MAGICIAN GESTURES--BETTY DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE--



AND WHEN SHE REAPPEARS UNEXPECTEDLY, THE OLD CHIEF IS DELIGHTED. THROUGH HIS INTERPRETER, HE SAYS HE WILL NOW REVEAL WHERE HE GOT THE RARE FLAME PEARL!



"THE CHIEF SAYS, AS A YOUNG MAN, HE TOOK A LONG TRIP. HIS PARTY DRIFTED OFF THEIR COURSE INTO STRANGE WATERS AND WERE SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A TRIBE OF WOMEN WARRIORS."



"THE CHIEF IS ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT, BUT THE WOMEN CONQUERED THEM! THE SURVIVORS WERE TAKEN PRISONERS AND BROUGHT TO A PLACE CALLED AMOZ ISLAND."



"THE QUEEN OF AMOZ SELECTED THE CHIEF AS HER HUSBAND. ON HIS NECK SHE HUNG A FLAME PEARL, WHICH TO THEM WAS LIKE A WEDDING RING. THE CHIEF FINALLY ESCAPED. HE SAYS HE COULDN'T STAND THE TYRANNY OF THE WOMEN."

TO BE CONTINUED



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Major Donald Coburn, R.E.M.E., and his bride, formerly Marjorie Northcott, elder daughter of Governor of New South Wales, Lieut-General John Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott, leave St. Andrew's Cathedral, where Archbishop Mowll officiated at their wedding.

Governor's Daughter Weds

MUCH amusement on day of wedding at Government House. Keeping to wedding tradition and bridal superstition Marjorie Northcott and Donald Coburn were not allowed to see each other until they met at the Cathedral.

As Donald was guest with his mother at Government House there was great scurrying round the corridors, and, following Army tactics, an "advance patrol" was sent out each time Marjorie or Don emerged for meals.

Hit of wedding was bridegroom's speech at reception at Government House following ceremony at St. Andrew's Cathedral.

If guests who were meeting bridegroom for first time expected to find a shy Englishman they were soon to find their mistake. From the first sentence of his speech Donald showed a keen sense of humor which instantly appealed to his Australian listeners.

Only two speeches at reception—one given by Archbishop Mowll, who officiated at the ceremony, and the other by the bridegroom. Toastmaster was honorary aide, Captain Ben Arnott.

AS bride was a member of A.A.M.W.S. and served in Japan, where, incidentally, she met her husband, V.A.s and members of the A.A.M.W.S. were among guests invited to Cathedral ceremony. Pews of church were decorated with pink and white flowers, and Madames W. R. Haines, G. Hay-Carr, G. S. Horley, and H. Ford were responsible for a lot of the decoration of Cathedral.

One of bride's oldest friends, Mrs. Virginia Sadler, of East Devonport, Tasmania, sent lily of the valley which held Marjorie's lovely Honiton lace veil in place. Lily of valley also used with love-in-the-mist in bride's bouquet and to decorate five-tiered wedding cake cut with General Northcott's sword at reception. Marjorie's veil was gift of bridegroom's mother, Mrs. E. R. Coburn, who flew out from England to see couple married.

BRIDE wore simple gown of bodice of silver-and-blue lame with swirling skirt and train of white pure silk chiffon. Her bridesmaids, sister Elizabeth, Sheila Graham, and Sheila Collett, wore soft heavenly-blue American nylon frocks with pink and blue flowers in their head-dresses and bouquets.

DONALD'S gifts to bridesmaids were pearls for Elizabeth, black-and-gold bag for Sheila Graham, and a bracelet, ear-rings, and vanity case of damascene for Sheila Collett. Best man and groomsmen received gold pencils. For his bride Donald had a special gift of sapphire and diamond brooch to match her engagement ring.

AFTER guests had been received in drawing-room at Government House, Donald and Marjorie went into dining-room to say "thank you" to staff of Government House who had worked so hard for success of wedding reception. After staff members had drunk their health, couple joined bridal party at special table in ballroom while guests were served from buffet tables.

BELIEVE Government House house guests get special vote of thanks from their host and hostess, as they worked overtime arranging flowers both in the house and in the Cathedral for occasion. Guests included Donald's mother, Mrs. E. R. Coburn, who has been staying with the Northcotts since her arrival here; Mrs. George Vasey, widow of General Vasey; Mrs. Wright Smith, and Mary Devine, all from Melbourne, General Northcott's sister, Mrs. Andrew Nicholls, and her husband were also present.



BACK IN SYDNEY after trip abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert arrive at St. Andrew's Cathedral for wedding of Governor's daughter. Mrs. Albert wore a smart three-tiered navy frock featuring a bolero jacket and broderie anglaise blouse. Her accessories were also in navy and white to match.



BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Foott, who were guests at Vice-Regal wedding, had special interest in occasion, as their wedding reception on May 27, 1931, was held at Government House. Mrs. Foott formerly Bethia Anderson, daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson.



WEDDING GROUP. Major and Mrs. Donald Coburn with attendants, Flight-Lieut. R. B. Nash, bride's sister Elizabeth, Sheila Graham, Sheila Collett, Captain Ben Arnott, and Lieut. Harry Bodman, R.A.N.

ONLY one thing lacking in all preparations for wedding. Tiny tin or cardboard containers for cake to be sent to friends of bride and bridegroom unobtainable. Reason is all tin and cardboard is being made into containers to send food for Britain. So cake's all carefully sealed away until some are made available. Mrs. Coburn and Donald particularly anxious to send cake away to relatives and friends in England.

A GOVERNMENT House "do" wouldn't be a "do" without "Sir Brace" (Sir Leighton Bracegirdle) and Col. Wynne. Both Sir Brace and Col. Wynne there with their wives and Col. Wynne's daughter Jane. Sir Brace tells me he and Lady Bracegirdle are in the throes of house-hunting. They had Sir Leslie and Lady Morshead's house at Vauluse while they were away in England.

He also tells me that he has interesting letter from Duchess of Gloucester, who has recently been on a fishing expedition in Scotland. One day young Prince William and his two Australian silky terriers, who recently came out of quarantine, went angling with her, and the Duchess caught a sixteen-pound salmon. The next day William tied his terriers to their kennel when they started out to fish. When asked why by his mother, he replied: "Your fish are so big they might eat them!"



CHEERY FOURSOME. Strella Wilson (left), who sang to Occupation troops in Japan when Lieut-General Northcott was C.-in-C. of British Commonwealth Occupation Force there, has word with Mr. H. T. B. Armitage and Mr. Justice and Mrs. Herron.



CHINESE CONSUL-GENERAL Mr. S. Y. Woo and Mrs. Woo arrive at Government House for the Coburn-Northcott wedding, and chat with Mrs. Percy Spender at the entrance before being received.

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 22, 1947

U

ACCUSTOMED
amusement kindled in Dr. Pepper's
eyes. "I am aware of that." He
stared in spite of himself at the
man's hand-painted necktie of the
grand variety.

"I'm the guy who made the
appointment for Mr.—ah—Smith,"
his visitor explained.

Theodore cleared his throat. "I
rather thought so. Do you mind
explaining exactly—?"

"Naturally, my friend's name ain't
Smith at all." The visitor fingered
his rest pocket, from which showed
a couple of cigars and the shiny
top of what must surely be a har-
monica. Theodore decided, now
thoroughly jolted out of his normal
pneum.

"You probably never had a patient
like my friend before," the visitor
went on. "I mean, he's a famous
guy and all, and we thought we
owed it to you to tell you."

"Travelling incognito, is he?"
Theodore asked, pleased to find
himself as instant as Wyatt at
his best. He accepted one of the
cigars his visitor held out to him.

That gentleman took out a gold
pocket-knife and cut the end of his
own cigar. "That's about the size
of it. Isoc. But this job is going
to take all you got on the ball. You
ought to know who you're doing it
for. And, by the way, my name
is Johnson, Fred Johnson."

"Have a drink?" inquired Theo-
dore. He liked his visitor with
the hand-painted necktie more than
ever.

The two men companionably
raised the glasses that Dr. Pepper
slid from his private, little-used
bar in the side table with its false
front of drawers. The highball hit
Theodore's empty stomach like fire.
It was wonderful. The sun was
still streaming through the windows,
and here he was drinking. Elsie,
who called him as "habit-bound as
an old maid," would be set back on
her heels.

"I might as well tell you now," Mr.
Johnson narrowed his eyes and
watched Theodore's face closely.

"Ever heard of Beau Donovan?"
Beau Donovan, Theodore stared
in amazement. Donovan belonged
to scandal-sheet headlines and Press
photographers, not the world of a
solid, law-abiding dentist. Theodore
could as easily have believed that
Alice-in-Wonderland was to be his
patient.

One of the most notorious gam-
blers in the country, Donovan's
sidelines were horses and women.
Lately he had seldom been out of
the news, and, winter or summer,
he was generally conducting a tight-
rope act just over the abyss of
lawlessness.

To Theodore, Donovan was a
fabulous person.

Mr. Johnson sat back with a
satisfied expression and enjoyed the
revelation he had made.

"I thought that would give you a
shock," he said simply. "But you
don't need to worry. Mr. Donovan
is a wonderful guy. Democratic,
too."

All Thursday morning Theodore
thought about Beau. He could not
imagine why he had not asked
Johnson more questions. For ex-
ample, why in thunder hadn't he
asked how Donovan had heard of
him, a New York dentist who led
such an unexceptional life that his
wife found her greatest amusement
in trying to catch on to celebrities'
toilet-fails?

And also there was the question of
what was wrong with Donovan. It
must be something out of the or-
dinary to have caused him to fly up
from Miami.

Theodore, casting about in his
mind for a clue, seemed to remem-
ber having heard Johnson say some-
thing like, "The poor guy is going
nuts. He can't even talk, and when
Donovan can't talk I'm telling you
it's tough."

When Beau Donovan finally
walked into Dr. Pepper's office at
four o'clock sharp, both Theodore
and Miss Clark had experienced
enough anticipatory tremors to
satisfy any great man. Donovan
was accompanied by the gaudy Mr.
Johnson.

Theodore had not expected so
large a man, and he had not realised
from newspaper pictures how pic-
turesque Donovan's appearance was.
His brow was broad, and from it

Continuing . . . Masterpiece

from page 5

swept back a heavy mass of curly
dark hair. He grunted down at
Theodore, but did not speak.

"Here we are," beamed Mr. John-
son.

Theodore surmised at once why
the celebrated Beau's eloquence was
stilled. His jaw, disfigured by an
angry scar only recently healed, was
held at a curious angle, as though
he could not close his mouth. It
was clear that most of the teeth
that had once been rooted within
that spectacular hinge had departed
quite recently.

Dr. Theodore Pepper was fascinat-
ated. The scar could have been
made only by a small projectile,
going very fast. The bullet from a
gun, in fact.

The examination was lengthy. As
he proceeded, Theodore grew deeply
interested in the extent and intricacy
of the patching-up job he was being
called upon to make on one of the
most notorious figures of the con-
temporary scene.

A thoroughly likeable fellow, as
far as he could see, and one who
probably did have women running
after him, women being the primi-
tive creatures they were. The pro-
fessional details he would, of course,
keep to himself, but it would do no
harm, when the whole matter was
completed, to let Elsie—and Wyatt

—in on the iden-
tity of his patient.

"Mr. Donovan,"
Theodore finally
said, with his cool,
professional air,
"this is going to
be a rather com-
plicated business."

He leaned
against the wall,
delicately touch-
ing his moustache
with one finger,
his feet nonchal-
antly crossed.
After all, he was
in the saddle now,
and Beau Dono-
van was no better
than the quivering
schoolboy of the
other day.

At Theodore's
forecast of diffi-
culties, Mr. John-
son looked anxious
and hitched
about, coming up to the chair where
his boss reclined and placed a
steadying hand on Donovan's
shoulder.

"Look, Doc, I hope there ain't go-
ing to be no real complications? We
heard you was tops in this game.
You got to fix up Mr. Donovan so he
can talk. He's nuts, writing every-
thing down, and spelling wasn't ever
his strong point."

Beau made gestures with one
arm, emphatically corroborating
this.

Theodore, enjoying himself to the
utmost, went on delicately stroking
his moustache. It really was a
pretty case, from the professional
point of view, one of the prettiest
he had ever had. After all, his
patients did not usually tangle with
projectiles going at a high rate of
speed. He was not going to be
hurried.

"Oh, we can patch you up," he
said finally. A whistling sigh arose
from the chair, and Donovan's grip
on the arms loosened. "But it's
going to take a lot of your time
for the next month or so."

"Time ain't nothing to Mr. Dono-
van these days," Johnson said has-
tily as Beau made uneasy move-
ments that seemed to indicate he
did not care about spending a lot
of time in the position he then
occupied. "Mr. Donovan knows you
can't fix up a trouble like he's got
with a little mouthwash, don't you,
boss?"

Reluctantly, the big man nodded
his head.

"Well, then," Theodore could not
resist rubbing his hands. He pro-
ceeded to explain exactly what he
would do, how he would reconstruct
Beau, make a new man of him,
even better-looking than the old,
perhaps—who knew?

For Theodore the next six weeks
were a time of unmixt professional
joy. After the first shock he was
no longer interested in the identity

of his patient, but his patient's
jaw interested him enormously, in
all its intricate and challenging de-
tail.

Beau, as a patient, was the sauce
that seasoned the dull dish of
routine fillings, bridges, and pivot
teeth. Beau's inarticulate noises—
it was several weeks before he could
produce recognisable words—were
the music of Theodore's sphere.

But another music of a more tan-
gible sort accompanied his labors.
As the reconstruction job proceeded,
Donovan often summoned Johnson
to his side to play for him on the
harmonica, which he found more
soothing than novocaine.

Even Theodore would often sus-
pend his drilling or hammering to
listen, captivated by Johnson's tonal
effects, for the little man wooed his
instrument with the spirit and
delicacy of all true lovers.

But, at home, when Elsie talked
about Wyatt, Theodore sat, as usual,
quietly reading his newspaper. Some-
day—but he would choose his own
time—he would dazzle her with
the account of his intimate dealings
with Beau Donovan, a man with
more women in his life than a
movie star, in addition to all his
other colorful activities.



"It's no use racking your brain trying to decide,
Alfred—I've cut all the pieces exactly the same
size."

He could see Elsie's face light up
and hear her eager voice: "But, Ted,
dear, what's he like? What kind of
clothes does he wear? Did he tell
you anything about his life?"

Theodore chuckled to himself over
that imaginary question. He would
have to make up something salty
for Elsie; she wouldn't know the
difference.

When the inevitable day of fare-
well dawned, Theodore felt lost. Now
it was Johnson and his harmonica
who were silent, and Beau who
talked. Listening to him, Theodore
was not surprised that he had once
run for municipal office while under
indictment by a grand jury, and had
won. Beau, fitted out with new teeth
and a rebuilt jaw, could charm the
birds off the trees.

"Dr. Pepper," this gentleman con-
cluded, in what would have seemed
a florid style, if it were not for his
convincing and virile baritone, "I
am returning to the South, revived
and rejuvenated because of your
marvellous skill. You do not per-
haps think a person like myself,
used to the guerrilla warfare of the
market place, can appreciate a man
of your calibre, a man of science?"

Donovan's smile was entirely
plausible, and Theodore, though
wondering what was coming next,
congratulated himself on his skill
in matching enamel and even repro-
ducing certain imperfections and
fillings of the man's original teeth.

Radiant with good cheer and his
refound language, Donovan went on.
"You would do me a grave injustice,
Doctor, if you thought I did not
appreciate the man of science, nobly
dedicated to his task. I am aware
that my good friend here"—he indi-
cated Johnson—"has taken care of
the financial side of our associa-
tion, but I would like you to accept
as well this little personal token of
my esteem."

Donovan took a package from
his pocket, which he had been patiently

holding it and listening to his chief,
an admiring smile on his face.

"I had it made for you—special,"
Beau said. "A friend of mine in the
jewellery game."

Theodore undid the package. It
held a cowhide box, which, upon
being opened, showed a black velvet
interior, like a jewellery case. Repos-
ing on the velvet was a life-size
model, in gold, of an upper and a
lower denture. Theodore's mouth
opened in amazement. Beau's great
smile even included the speechless
Miss Clark, who, he had once con-
fided to Theodore, was not his type.

"Pretty, isn't it? Everything
complete, down to the last wisdom
tooth. But that's not all. It opens
up."

Donovan removed the top den-
ture, and there, in a little boxlike
aperture, reposed a piece of paper.

"Take it out," Beau prompted.

Theodore did so. It was Dono-
van's personal cheque for five hun-
dred dollars.

"A little bonus," Donovan said, "in
the interests of science. And I've
got something else for you, too." He
took an envelope as large as a desk
blotter from Johnson.

Theodore opened it, and inside
was Beau's studio portrait in color.
It was autographed. "In apprecia-
tion, to my good friend, Dr. Theo-
dore Pepper—Stephen X. Donovan."

Theodore stared at the picture.
Well, Donovan was probably a
scoundrel, but at least there was
nothing prefabricated or dehydrated
about him or his attendant gnome,
Mr. Johnson of the eloquent har-
monica. And in addition to the
fun of the case, now he also had
some trophies that would dazzle
Elsie.

"And if you ever come to Miami,"
Beau concluded, "let me know. I'll
see that you have the best of every-
thing."

Theodore told Elsie that Beau was
a patient of his, one night while
Wyatt was there and had annoyed
him more than usual with gossip
about his famous customers. The
sensation that he had hoped for
was produced.

Wyatt took the monogrammed
Russian cigarette out of his mouth
in a gesture as near astonishment as
his casual grace could indicate. His
brows went up, his eyes widened.
"Not Beau Donovan, the gambler?"

"That's right," Theodore rested
on his triumph. "I happened to
think of him," he added, as though
in apology, "because I see he's all
over the paper again. Some deal
on the West Coast. Last time I
saw him he was bound south."

"You mean, you actually know
Beau Donovan?" Elsie's voice went
into a high-pitched tone that was
almost a squeal. "Why, darling, I
hear every woman he meets goes
wild about him. I've always thought
him the most fascinating sort of
man. A modern privateer or pirate
or something. Do tell me what he
was like, and what he said."

"He gave me his picture," Theo-
dore said. "Autographed. I'll get
it. I think it's in the desk."

He went and got the picture, and
not once during the ensuing hours
of the evening did anyone again ask
Wyatt about his activities or his
friends. Nobody could talk of any-
thing else but Donovan, his brushes
with the law, and the extent of his
amorous adventures. Theodore was
the authority, the only one who
could give authentic information on
any of the fascinating aspects of
Donovan's life.

From that evening onward, Theo-
dore's status in Elsie's family, and
especially with Elsie, was changed.
"Honestly, dear," Elsie said to her
cousin Maud, "he just came out with
it in the most casual way, as though
treating Beau Donovan for two
months were absolutely nothing.
There's no telling who his patients
are. He's such a modest darling.
Never says a word about himself or
his work. Why, my dear, he prac-
tically reconstructed the man's face!
And I must say"—here Elsie's voice
rose in unaccustomed pride—"he
did a very good job."

Please turn to page 22

It isn't grubby
kiddies that
make a bath
look old and dirty.



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sprinkle a little
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soft cloth...



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Mum said I ought to take a bath.

But, gee, I'd rather scrub the floor than me.

Oh, oh, I think I hear her now.

Hi, Mum, all finished.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Introductions, formal or informal, need not be troublesome if certain easily remembered rules are followed.

Most important: The younger person should always be presented to the older; the man to the woman.

BY answering the letter below, I hope to make things easier for people who find it hard to think of the right thing to say.

"NOT long ago you gave some guidance on introducing people but did not tell readers just what to say. Would you do so now?"

The usual words are "May I introduce . . . ?" When greater formality is called for, the formula is "May I present . . . ?"

Informal introductions are often effected by saying "I don't believe you have met Mr. Smith, have you, Mrs. Jones?"

Or with two contemporaries of the same sex, "I don't think you have met before, have you?"

Names should always be pronounced clearly. When introducing Mr. Smith to Mrs. Jones, as you say the former's name you should turn to Mrs. Jones. When mentioning Mrs. Jones you should be addressing Mr. Smith and not Mrs. Jones.

This is easy to remember if you keep in mind that everyone knows his or her own name but will want to hear clearly the name of the other person.

At parties the experienced hostess makes sure that those who have just been introduced will not be left alone with nothing to talk about and knowing nothing about one another.

After the introduction has been made, she says easily "Mr. Smith was abroad with the R.A.A.F. during the war," or "Mrs. Jones gave me those beautiful dahlias from her garden." Those introduced can then at least talk about dahlias and air-stations if all other topics fail.

"SHOULD a powder-room attendant be tipped each time the room is visited?"

It is usual to leave something for the attendant once during the night, irrespective of whether you renew make-up, check wraps, or ask for a hand-towel.

"AT IS I feel myself to be too young to become engaged, though I am very fond of the young man who is asking me for my answer. Can you help me to come to a decision?"

Your own feelings are the signal for you not to enter into an official engagement just yet. To become engaged you should have no doubts; it is better to wait until you are certain, both for your own sake and that of the young man who hopes to make you his wife. If he is an understanding person he will give you time and appreciate your desire to be quite sure before you say yes or no.

"NEITHER my sister nor I can dance, but we have been asked to a party where there is sure to be dancing. Should we refuse anyone who asks us to dance, or try to follow as best we can?"

There is no disgrace in not being able to dance, but it isn't altogether fair to your partner (who might be a dancing enthusiast) to pretend that you can when you can't. Admit that you have never learned to dance, then those who want to can offer to help you, while those who aren't so considerate can look for other partners.

"AM I wrong in believing that people who really love each other should show perfect trust? The man who gave every evidence that he loved me and wanted me for his wife refuses to believe me over a very personal matter, and says outright that I am not speaking the truth. To have him refuse to believe me hurts more than I can say."

To be perfectly fair, I suppose you can love someone and still doubt his word over a certain matter. But to be speaking the truth and not to be believed by someone dear to you is an affront that few people can ever forget. If your intended husband flatly refuses to accept your word on an important matter he undermines the very foundation of mutual trust and belief on which a happy companionship is built.

"WOULD lack of good education make things difficult for me if I married into a family all of whom have had greater opportunities for learning?"

Respect and liking are not won on educational standards. If you are a nice person in yourself, you will be welcomed into the family for your own sake. The difference in your education need not matter if you are determined not to let it do so.

"WOULD dinner-suits be out of place worn by men at an afternoon wedding?"

It is the custom for men to wear business suits at morning or afternoon weddings if formal morning clothes are not to be worn.

"AS a girl just starting a business career, should I allow myself to be called by my christian name in the office, or ask to be called Miss So-and-So?"

As the newcomer it is your place to fit into the established custom. In business some people like to establish a friendly atmosphere by calling the girls by their christian names; other offices are more formal, and it is the custom there to refer even to juniors as Miss So-and-So. It is best to fit agreeably into the atmosphere of the place in which you work.

"ARE there any particular rules for a note of sympathy following a bereavement?"

Letters of condolence are too intimate to take any set form. Grace of expression becomes of secondary consideration at such times; the only thing that really matters is sincerity. Do not be afraid of showing appreciation of the talents, charm, or achievements of the one mourned. It will not upset the person who is writing to, but remind him that others share his loss. It is usual to conclude by offering to do anything possible to help; letters may be signed "with deepest sympathy."

"AS a divorcee, am I doing the right thing in accepting and wearing an engagement ring from my future husband?"

Having been married before does not mean that you should not be given and wear the engagement ring of the man you intend to marry.

"A YOUNG man and I intend to marry in a couple of years' time. We believe in being frank, and try to approach things in a sensible way, but have had two serious quarrels."

In each case his jealousy was the cause, and in each case I was the one to make friends first. Should I continue to do this, or break things off with the man I love?"

Jealousy is a bad trait in anyone's nature; but you say you love this young man. That being so you would only be unhappy if you sacrificed everything for the sake of a principle. If you are genuinely in love with him, you would be unhappy with anyone else, so don't give him up for the sake of making a gesture. Make allowances for his disposition in this one direction.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

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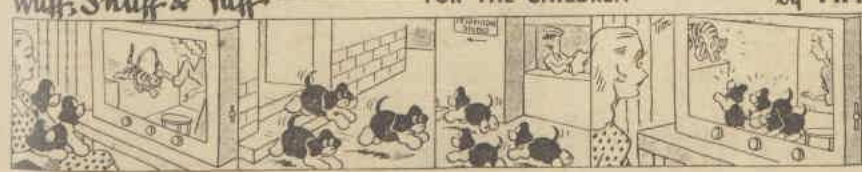
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FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Intrigue! Mystery! Romance! ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, 1/-.

ONE TEACHER, 14 PUPILS - BUT IT'S A GREAT



POLICE OFFICERS are always welcome visitors to Pudman School. Constable First-Class Jim Arantz gives the boys an informal talk on bushfire prevention, and Sergeant G. Malone listens-in. Both officers are stationed at Boorowa, 30-odd miles from the school.

Master's ideals have made it the centre of little bush community

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

Pudman Public School is a tiny cream-colored building set in 27 acres of undulating bushland.

Since the hot February day in 1916 when its one teacher, William Mundy, arrived there with his wife and two small children he has devoted himself to making it an ideal school, and has resisted offers of bigger jobs.

IT is the finest type of Australian school. In it, and in thousands like it throughout Australia, teachers with imagination and high principles are giving their pupils a social conscience, love of beauty, and civic pride, besides teaching them efficiently the details of reading, writing, and sums.

A bush track runs past the Pudman School. The quiet is broken

only by the baa-ing of sheep or the call of birds. Yet the methods of education at this little New South Wales one-teacher school are as modern as in the biggest schools in our capital cities.

This is because William Mundy's ideas are modern.

He has always realised the advantage of making the children themselves take part in lessons. Whatever his pupils are studying they enact a drama instead of learning by rote. They love it.

As well as impressing on their minds the facts they are learning, this system has developed in these bush children amazing self-confidence, an ability to meet strangers without the paralysing shyness so often resulting from living far from any township.

This is all part of William Mundy's plan to turn out good citizens, and not just teen-agers with their heads stuffed with facts—however useful these facts may be.

That is why, despite lack of water and rather poor soil, the little schoolhouse stands in a lovely garden looked after by the pupils, and why there is an avenue of slender young gum trees leading from the road to the schoolhouse.

William Mundy's scheme to build good citizens has brought local police officers as welcome visitors at the school.

Their talks to the pupils on safety measures and bushfire prevention are listened to eagerly, and Pudman pupils have won State-wide essay and handwriting contests run by the N.S.W. Police Force.

During the day I spent there I had a chance to see how the 14 pupils at Pudman work and learn.

First thing we did was no mushrooming. It sounds an unlikely way to start a school day, and no doubt this was a special occasion, but time was not wasted, as the teacher gave

a nature study lesson as we went along. He plucked a weed.

"See, that is the sundew plant you have been learning about. Remember all I told you about it? Well, now take a good look at it."

Then we inspected a magpie's nest made of wire. It is the third found at the school, and a great treasure.

Back in the schoolhouse, the children had history.

Three of the boys played the part of Bass, Flinders, and Sir Joseph Banks, and in a short, informative dialogue they re-enacted the scenes of Australia's settlement.

Then we had a dialogue on the building of our sheep industry. One boy played the part of Walter Merriman, of Merryville, the famous stud merino sheep breeder. Another boy was "a man in the street."

Next it was the girls' turn. Four of them took part in a one-act dialogue, not bearing on any special subject but of value for their action and for memory training.

Then we had a session with the Pudman Whizz Kids. They lined up in front of the class and came out with flying colors in answer to questions ranging from "Who discovered the Darling?" to "What are the qualifications of a voter in Australia?"

First-aid expert

PUDMAN is a long way from the nearest doctor, so its residents have often been glad that their schoolmaster holds a first-aid certificate.

He makes first-aid an important subject, realising its need for country children, and often he helps the parents themselves with timely advice and treatment.

Mr. Mundy loves horses and kept two very good trotters in the days before there were any cars at Pudman. They were used with typical generosity.

As well as taking tennis players to matches all over the district Mr. Mundy was ready to turn out any hour of the night and drive the doctor to emergency cases.

The late Dr. Joseph English would drive in his car from Yass, then Mr. Mundy would take him in his sulky over bush tracks and almost impassable roads, with mud up to the axle.

If patients could not be treated at home they would be brought back to the Mundys' and then taken to Yass Hospital by the doctor.



GARDENING is a pleasure as well as good training for Pudman pupils, who have made their school grounds charming despite scarcity of water in summer months. Schoolhouse is at the right. Social hall, on the left, was built with funds raised at functions organised by Mr. and Mrs. Mundy and parents.



LUNCHTIME is a delight to pupils when they can have their meal down by the swimming-pool, where graceful willows are cool and shady. In wet weather they have lunch in the social hall.

SCHOOL

Generations

the feelings of Pudman about their teacher summed up by one

had been a pupil of Mundy, and so had her daughters. A son

there is one younger come yet," she said. hope Mr. Mundy will on a bit longer."

quently covered hundreds of this work, and his sulky, his car, was called the ambulance."

is a one-teacher school that one teacher in his has been with him every way, sharing his ideas with the practical side of problems.

teaches music, sewing, and in the school. But more than that is her kindly, influence.

of the work they have done has been to improve the to-day it has rare as a model of efficiency. as the tiny schoolhouse building stands in the ground. It is called hall, and it is the most sign of what the Mundys to their little com-

of building a shelter shed the children could have in a small hall, suitable not to teachers, but where the could have a library, rehearse plays, have their music and hold parties.

a charming long, narrow room plenty of light and air, the walls decorated with the photos of the Royal Family of current interest. It contains flowers, and books, a homelike atmosphere.

working-bees, in which the and parents helped the hall was built for £65. it would cost £300, and it for itself again and again money raised at functions

the things the social hall is the school wireless.

what an immense advantage it would be for pupils in a school to have a wireless. William Mundy never ceased to be had organised enough to buy one.

his pupils supplement his by listening to broadcasts on affairs, nature study, etc.

after the Mundys arrived Pudman they began their fine and out of school.

teacher soon realised how the life was for young men women, and so he founded a club and a cricket club.

permitted until some Crown the school was granted as a recreation ground.

thing these two indomitable decided was that Pudman a telephone service. So they the P.M.G.'s Department was granted.



SCHOOLMASTER at one-man Pudman Public School, in New South Wales, William Mundy has worked out a specially rapid method of teaching his pupils their multiplication tables.

Mrs. Mundy adds to her kindness and warm sympathy a tirelessness that has made it possible for her to help in school affairs over the 30 years as well as bring up her four children and be postmistress.

Three years ago, during the district's worst bushfires, when 4000 acres of valuable pasture land was destroyed, she worked on the telephone switch, directing food supplies to the fire-fighters until 1.39 a.m., when the telephone posts caught alight and the lines collapsed. By that time the fire was under control.

When photographer Ron Berg and I arrived at the schoolmaster's residence at 9 a.m. she had a lavish morning tea ready.

She followed that later with a beautifully cooked baked dinner, including a cockerel of her own raising, and, later, coped with a big afternoon tea party for the Parents and Citizens' Association.

And at the end of the day she was still beaming.

The schoolmaster's solid brick

residence, built over 70 years ago, gleams under her care.

She enjoys looking back to the day when she and her husband and their two small children arrived at Pudman from Canowindra, N.S.W.

"Our neighbor, the late Mr. W. A. Styles, who was the mailman, piled us all on to a horse-drawn vehicle, and it took us four hours to cover the 18 miles from the railway to our new home.

"We were nearly dropping with tiredness when we pulled up in front of the farmhouse and Mrs. Styles ran out and said, 'Come in to tea.'

"She had a sumptuous repast for us. I have never forgotten that welcome, and Mrs. Styles is still my dearest friend.

"When she took us around our new home next morning, and the scented flowers made the air sweet, we vowed we would never leave Pudman."

And they have kept that vow.



HORSE AND SPRING-CART bring some of the children to school, and others clamber aboard to be in the picture. Children come to the school from a five-mile radius, and travel on foot, horseback, bicycles, or in horse-drawn vehicles.



GENERATIONS of Mr. Mundy's pupils. In front Mrs. A. Russell, her daughter and son. At Mrs. Walter Southwell and her children.



TEACHER'S WIFE, Mrs. Mundy, plays a big part in school affairs. One of her self-imposed jobs is teaching singing and piano playing to the pupils.

AT parties, Elsie now had an undeviating formula.

"Ted," she would pipe across at him, "do tell Mr. So-and-So about Beau Donovan. I know he'd be interested; it's the most amusing thing."

Then all the women would pounce on him: "Do you know Donovan, Dr. Pepper?" and their faces would light up with anticipation. Theodore would launch into the account which had become standard with him, and soon he would find he was enjoying himself. It was pleasant having people hang on your words, even though at heart you despised those people for their absurd addiction to gossip and anecdote.

One day he said to the individual, also a dentist, who had this time furnished the excuse for his wife's routine, "It's a fact," and there was regret in his voice. "I'll never have a case like that again. Not because it was Beau Donovan, but because I'll never have a chance to use all my knowledge, and then some, again. That case was a real challenge. If you're interested, why don't you come down to my office? I'll show you the X-rays and so on."

Several days later, when he had shown his colleague the data involved, the man said, "Pepper, it's a masterpiece. A real masterpiece."

"Yes," said Theodore, "I can see what you mean."

And then one day Beau Donovan was found dead, with a bullet through his chest. Dead in a bed with satin sheets. It was exactly a year and one month after Theodore's reconstruction job was finished.

Elsie found Theodore at breakfast, staring dully at his morning paper. There was a picture of the bed, an opulent piece of furniture, and the huddled form of Donovan.

Masterpiece

Continued from page 17

"He's dead," Theodore said dully. "I know," said Elsie. "I heard it on the radio. Isn't it awful?" Briskly she opened her napkin and put a piece of bread in the toaster. "I wonder if some woman did it?"

"All that work for nothing. Thirteen months later, and he's dead."

Elsie put the coffee-pot down with a jerk and stared suspiciously at her husband.

"Why didn't he take care of himself?" Theodore asked. "He should have taken care of himself."

"Oh, Ted! Did that job you did on him really mean so much to you?" Elsie was incredulous.

Theodore sank his head on his hand.

Elsie got up and came around by Theodore's elbow to look at the picture of Donovan in the newspaper.

"Ted, dear, are you pretending or something? Is this a joke?" she asked anxiously. She stared down at the picture. "Why, he doesn't look real there at all." She hesitated. "To tell you the truth, nobody in the papers ever seems real to me."

Theodore's introverted sorrow abruptly took on an angry tinge. "If you had looked down his throat as many hours as I have, his oral cavity would seem real to you."

Elsie started to laugh. She clasped her hands together as Theodore used to see her do in an ecstasy of appreciation at the theatre, and laughed. The curls on her forehead danced.

"Teddy! Teddy!" she chortled. "So you can be just as silly as I am! Oh, it's a relief to find out just

how silly you can be. And I thought I was married to a superman!"

"What do you mean?" Theodore touched his moustache huffily. But he was secretly astonished to hear her friendly laughter again after so many months of indifference. "Do sit down and stop prancing around."

But Elsie went on shouting his name and laughing, and he found himself smiling, too.

"I'm actually quite fond of you, you silly old thing," Elsie said finally.

"Are you?" Theodore's voice, his eyes, and his smile glowed.

"Please don't be unhappy that Beau is dead and can't be your Exhibit A masterpiece any more. After all, none of Praxiteles' statues are left, and even Milton isn't read much nowadays."

"What on earth are you talking about, Elsie?" Theodore felt ridiculous. So Elsie realised he thought himself an artist at heart. Not that anything was wrong in feeling yourself to be an artist, but she probably also realised he had cast her in the role of arch Philistine, and that was disconcerting.

"I mean," Elsie persisted, "even Shakespeare had his troubles, and teeth aren't the only things that decay."

Her tone was so affectionate that Theodore could no longer be dignified. He got up and hugged her.

After a while she murmured into his shoulder, "Maybe Donovan had the right idea about one thing, anyway. He even managed to have fun in that awful chair of yours, listening to Mr. Johnson play the harmonica. And he probably had a wonderful time before he was shot."

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . The Blast

from page 7

WHEN I hunted a bear or a tiger, the dogs would circle it, baying, and in such an encounter I often lost one or more dogs killed and several wounded. The wounded dogs had to be protected from their companions, and isolated when I got them home, or they would have been killed.

I had always been something of a veterinarian, having had to be in South Africa, and with the best drugs—sulfa, penicillin, and everything else that I wanted—at my disposal. I lost very few of my wounded hounds.

This time, however, as I trotted after my pack (at that time it consisted of about fifteen couples of grown dogs, and ten half-grown and three-quarter-grown pups who were learning their business) I felt that they had bitten off more than they could chew.

The spoor puzzled me. This was an immense beast—the stride was well over a yard—with imprints so deep that it must weigh at least half a ton.

I had gone about a mile when I heard the baying of the dogs. I also heard some of them screaming the way a hurt dog does. I hurried and then, prompted by some instinct, decided to climb a tree to get a better view.

It was a good thing I did because the dogs had surrounded a huge black wolf that stood as high at the withers as a horse.

Three dogs were dead and, as I looked, the wolf caught another—a handsome red-colored dog called Fox—and tossed him in the air the way a good terrier does a rat. The dog fell howling with his back broken.

As the wolf seized the companion, the other dogs darted in from all around to bite him, seizing his hind legs and tail, one bitch leaping at his throat. I had only the .303 with me, a rifle quite unsuited to this kind of beast had I been on the ground where he could get me, but a good enough weapon from my point of vantage in a tree.

Resting the barrel along a branch I emptied the magazine into him, and before he could decide what to do he was down and the dogs had swarmed all over him. He killed three more before he died, and hurt six.

This experience taught me a very important lesson, and I never went out again without two guns, one of them a .450 express.

After seeing this animal, I was no longer surprised at the other strange beasts I saw. The atomic bomb and the radioactivity that had accompanied it were explanation enough when I thought it all out.

These beasts were monsters caused by the effect of radioactivity on the genes and chromosomes of animals pregnant at the time of the blast, while other abnormal mutations were the result of some nutritional change that had taken place in the herbage.

It interested me to note that I, too, felt very well and even seemed to have grown a little through eating the meat of these animals. And this diet certainly had had an effect on my hounds, the young dogs increasing in size, going up to forty inches and weighing over three hundred pounds—the size of a small lion or leopard.

The aurochs, which had roamed Europe before the Romans, reappeared through some kind of throw-back; and the cattle of the country—Jerseys, Guernseys, Herefords, Holsteins, and Shorthorns—bred together, increased in size, and reverted to a breed that looked like the Texas longhorn.

These cattle became the chief prey of the giant parti-colored mink. I remember seeing black-and-white minks at the Sportsman's Show in Madison Square Garden years ago, and it would seem that this mutation into giantism was one which was effected by the radioactivity.

These animals were fortunately rare, and I feared them greatly because of their savagery. They stood about five feet high at the shoulder and were some eighteen feet long, including the tail.

But despite their size they could flatten themselves and creep along

almost invisibly, the white marks helping them by breaking up the silhouette. They would creep closer and closer to their prey and then charge at it from close distance at incredible speed—the speed being fast enough to roll over an ox that was taken by surprise.

As far as possible, I avoided hunting such dangerous animals and confined myself to deer, wild cattle, antelopes, bison and zebras for meat for the pack and myself, and tigers, leopards, mountain lions and bears for sport and to keep my dogs in fighting trim.

There is nothing more exciting than hunting some great carnivore that has taken up its abode in a house in the vicinity. Such an animal has to be killed, because nothing is so inconvenient as a tiger or leopard making a den near one's dwelling.

One of my most interesting hunts was that of a pair of tigers in the Hotel Pierre.

They were a mated couple and I was continually getting glimpses of them in the vestibule or in the passages. We avoided each other, but the situation made me nervous. And I could see that the tigers, despite the fact that they had settled down to housekeeping, were equally ill at ease.

This meant that there would be a showdown sooner or later, and so one day I decided to settle them for good and all.

It should be noted that animals, unless they are hungry or sick, will seldom attack man until they are challenged.

If, travelling along a narrow path, you notice a lion, you do not look at him. You suddenly take an interest in the treetops or in the flight of a passing bird. Out of the corner of your eye you will see him do the same thing. He will turn his head, something will attract him in the distance, and he will leave the path. But his face must be saved. His eye must not be met.

This piece of psychology has a human application, too. There would never have been a bar-room fight if two men had not looked at each other—eye to eye—so that there was no going back.

This, then, was the situation between me and the tigers. We saved one another's faces and acted with ever-increasing tact, but there was the certainty that this politeness went too far, and that when it ended it would be with either my death or theirs. So, getting out my dogs, I divided my pack in two, selecting those that were the stupidest or that I cared for least.

The balance of working hounds, about ten couples of superb animals, I left in the kennels that I had built in an adjoining flower shop.

The tigers had made their den in a small pantry behind the cocktail bar; and it was the knowledge that I would lose a lot of hounds, and that any dogs would be good enough for the job provided they had courage enough to enter, which had prompted me to use my culls.

I sent them into the bar. The two leaders were killed before they were through the door, the male tiger smashing them against the wall with what can only be described as a right and a left; but as he struck I shot him, the bullet smashing his lower jaw and entering his chest.

The remaining dogs went in over his body, and came out faster than they had gone in, followed by the tigress. She charged out but did not see me—I had hidden behind the bar. As she passed me I fired at her, but I missed. The dogs were now in full cry after her.

As she bounded up the steps into the dining-room, followed by the dogs, I got another shot in and hit her in the loins with a high shot that broke her back. I checked the dogs as well as I could—there was no point in their attacking her now—but one refused to obey, and was killed. Another bullet finished the tigress.

This incident was a contributory factor in my decision to move to the Chelsea. The Park was no longer important, since the whole city was now covered with grass, and the beauty of the cave I had discovered had long tempted me.

Please turn to page 24

FASHION FLASHES BY





It won't ride up

Because of the moulded midriff . . . that's the secret of this proud beauty. Bodice is lace encrusted. A dream-slip you can keep lovely as new with nightly Lux dips to whisk out perspiration before it can do harm.

Down and around

That's how the stripes march in this cotton beauty. Ring-size waist . . . ruffled sleeves . . . balloony skirt. Want to keep it like new? Tests prove Lux keeps colours new-looking three times longer than when you use harsh soaps or washing methods.

Gay as the 'naughty Nineties'

Lovable, Luxable rayon jersey! Midnight black for the top — pink and black striped skirt with audacious little back bow. Don't risk harming fine fabrics — silks or rayons — by rubbing them with bar soap. Wash them in mild, Lux suds.

That smart look . . . it's the LUX LOOK



Don't they make
your mouth water?

"Mandarin Cream"

First you'll be intrigued by the distinctive shape of this chocolate—and then you'll be thrilled with its smooth, mandarin-flavoured cream centre and its rich "Old Gold" Chocolate coating.



"Old Gold" CHOCOLATES

IN $\frac{1}{2}$ LB. BOXES ... a great
assortment of 12 delectable
varieties in two layers

Don't they make your mouth water? "Butter Crunch," "Raspberry Marshmallow," "Cherry Ripe Square," "Mandarin Cream" ... these are just four of the twelve delectable varieties in this great assortment. Every variety is lavishly coated with "OLD GOLD" Chocolate ... the smoothest, richest-tasting chocolate of them all.



All made by

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The Great Name in Confectionery

Fond of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. blocks? ... Three more favourites



"Milk, Fruit and Nut"

Just crammed with the nourishment of creamy milk chocolate plus fresh, juicy sultanas and crisp, crunchy nuts.

"Extra Cream"

Like everyone else, the moment you taste this delicious milk chocolate, you'll say "You can taste the EXTRA CREAM." That's because there's EXTRA FULL-CREAM milk in every block of this solid milk chocolate.



"Snack"

The only chocolate block with these four exciting centres—Cream Caramel, Strawberry Cream, Turkish Delight, Fruit Sundae.

Chocolate is a food ... nourishing and sustaining. MacRobertson's Chocolate is rich in tissue-building proteins and particularly high in essential energizing food elements.



P.B. 74

My new home had several distinct advantages. There was no place nearby where large, dangerous animals could lurk, and there were excellent facilities for my dogs: a large foundation excavation with large cellars adjoining it. Nothing could have been better, and I should have moved a year earlier had I not delayed out of laziness.

There are various other points about it worthy of notice.

The cave has two chambers and is lighted by windows that I have pierced through the debris. There is a third room, on a lower level, which has no window. The temperature of this room rarely varies more than a few degrees, and this is where I sleep in the coldest and the hottest weather.

I also keep my wine here, and the room has a pleasant, rich, earthy smell of wine and dog and man that is very homelike.

The second room is a combined sitting room and study. I have my best pictures and books here, and some wonderful small pieces of furniture. The outside room is my kitchen and workshop. I have built myself a chimney and have a bench and carpenter's tools.

But all these conveniences could have been found in most districts in the city. It was the exterior which made the situation unique. The hotel itself had collapsed and was a voluptuous green hill covered with short, cropped grass.

In fine weather I have seen a herd of zebra mixed with American bison grazing over it within a few yards of me.

By some combination of accidents—the explosion that destroyed New York, the civic engineering that existed before the explosion, and certain geological factors—a lovely long finger-shaped lake appeared in 23rd Street. It is fed from the spring

which bubbles through my grotto, the water being first forced upward by natural pressure through a small crevice in the fallen masonry some fifteen feet above ground level.

After I had done a little minor engineering with plumbing fixtures picked up here and there and with plants and ferns collected wherever I could find them, I had created a little paradise for myself. I should add that I did no hunting within a mile of my home, thus making a reserve because I like the game for company and I find nothing more beautiful.

I also had two practical reasons, one being that if any big carnivores came along they would have no difficulty in finding a meal, and the second being that, in the event of illness, I could easily kill something to eat from my own doorstep.

Something very awkward has just occurred. My house dogs again expressed uneasiness, and, waiting till they quieted down, I went out to see what had disturbed them.

What I found justified my worst fears. The girls have found my retreat. They even rested on the grass and dipped their toes in the pool below the trickling waterfall.

This infuriates me. The impertinence of these abandoned creatures—hunting out the cave of an old and respectable man and then disporting themselves at his private spring! I have been away from people too long to feel any Robinson Crusoe-like joy at discovering the footprints of these girls; besides, Friday was not a girl, much less two girls.

Bodo and Vixen worked over the grotto, quartering it, noses to the ground, stopping occasionally with backward looks at me. I followed them and found the trail to lead

east, and then, climbing one of the larger hillocks to get a better view, saw the smoke of a fire about half a mile away.

It gave me a very strange feeling to see the smoke of another's cooking fire.

I sat down, and, with my dogs beside me, spent some time watching the blue smoke curl upward like a ribbon into the sky.

Once a little breeze caught it, and it made a question-mark. Nothing, I thought, could be more apt, unless it were a period. I was overcome by a sense of finality, of foreboding. If I am not careful my pleasant way of life may end, my habit of years be interrupted.

With a certain irony I reflected on the repetition of the human pattern.

As we once feared and resented the coming of atomic power, or, for that matter, universal suffrage, the liberation of the slaves, or anything else that was different, I am now upset because I am no longer alone in the world.

With these thoughts in my mind, I came home and cooked my supper.

I had the saddle and kidneys of a yearling moose calf cooked in bear fat, a can of spaghetti with tomato sauce, and a can of green peas. I opened a bottle of port, one of the few wines which has not begun to go off after more than twenty years.

I topped it off with three brandies. Now I have given the dogs a good meal, and sit here, pencil in hand, to record further impressions. I am now right up to date.

The brandy has done me good. I can feel my heart beating strangely.

Six months have passed since I have written a line. Although, as a

novelist, I have always objected to the diary or near-diary form, I find on reading this over that it has a certain interest.

Oddly enough, whether or not anyone is ever to read it appears to depend on me, because the young women are with me now. I would call them nice-looking—though it is quite hard for me to remember exactly what a pretty girl should look like.

I will describe them in greater detail later. At the moment my problem is one of biology and morals.

I am seventy years of age, though I am healthy and remarkably strong, I am without any desire for these young creatures of my own species.

My lack of interest does not appear to be reciprocated, for in them is the warmth and burgeoning of youth. This is very embarrassing to a man of my solitary habits and advanced years. Who am I to re-populate the world with white men?

And would not the world perhaps be a better place without us? On the other hand, my vanity comes in—my vanity as an author and the historian of these events; the final chapter of history as we know it, and the opening chapter of a new kind of history.

If there are to be people again, if there are to be readers again—who might some day read this diary—it appears that I must father them. The problem perturbs me; it is an issue that I find it hard to clarify.

The moral question is not whether I should live with two young girls, but whether our species is worth perpetuating.

And for the life of me I cannot see what is the matter with the young Indian braves. Why can't the girls marry them, and live happily ever after, without bothering me?

Of course, the Indians may not think them attractive, but this seems hardly likely. In my opinion, the girls' interest in me is simply curiosity; I seem unique, and women love the rare and strange.

It is also evident that I have prestige value among the Indians.

It is now spring again, and as I look back over the last few months I feel them worthy of some notice because of their personal interest to me. I will begin with to-day, when it really came to me in words, and go back from there.

I was galloping Prince, my big bay, over some open country in what I take to be Florida, since our war party went south and we are among palms. I have seen brown pelicans and frigate birds, and so I cannot be very far from wrong.

Beside me on her chestnut was Helen, the smaller of the two blondes.

We galloped side by side, my long white hair and beard blowing in the wind, her yellow hair flowing like a palomino's tail. Throwing my leg across a horse again after all these years has been a strange and wonderful sensation that has really reconciled me to this new way of life.

This morning, I had jumped on to Prince, the stallion I was now riding, a six-year-old standing about fifteen-three. I mounted him bareback, and used only a hackamore to control him.

Unaccustomed to a white man's smell, he had been difficult at first, and had played up, rearing, and then, when I put my heels into him, had gone forward in a series of leaps and plunges till I leaned forward and patted his neck.

Then he started moving with the great raking strides that have never ceased to give me pleasure. Bareback riding tired me at first, but once one gets used to it it has great advantages over using a saddle.

But I must go back to the day the Indians broke into my home and captured me.



"Like to change a couple of those bets—looks like a muddy track."

I had finished eating and was working on my manuscript when the dogs leaped up and went almost mad with fury. They barked and snuffed under the door.

As I grabbed my rifle, the door burst open and a number of young braves, accompanied by the two girls, broke in. They were all yelling and carrying weapons.

The leader killed Bodo, who jumped at him as he crossed the threshold.

As I raised my rifle one of the girls tripped me. She flung herself on to me, wrapping her arms about my legs. I fired two shots, but missed with both.

Looking back at the incident, I am inclined to think the three brandies may have had something to do with the poor showing I made. The brandy was wonderful. It is the so-called Napoleon, and I drank from one of those large-bellied glasses that are warmed with the hands.

My missing, however, must be considered providential, for had I wounded one of the braves I might easily have been killed.

Vixen fastened her teeth on to the leg of one of the young men, but another got hold of my left arm before I could get to my feet.

The Indians seemed to have decided not to hurt me and to have the mistaken idea that I would not strike the girls if they attacked me, because the second girl now knelt on my chest. Her hair had fallen down and was hanging in my face.

I was able to raise the barrel of my rifle and clip her on the jaw with it as I lay on my back, at the same time striking the other girl on the top of the head with a downward stroke from the butt. The young men now became more active, and disarmed me and tied me. I called Vixen off and gave up the battle.

To tell the truth, I was curious about these Indians. I was even more curious about the two girls, who definitely were white and who spoke a kind of English—in the struggle they both swore like cavalry officers. I only hoped they did not know the meaning of the words they used.

It subsequently appeared that they did not, but had learned them from an old prospector who, having joined the Indians and finding these two orphan girls among them—their parents had died of the Red Death—had decided to pay his debt to society by teaching them his version of their own language.

The Indians were Comanches and Kiowas and had set out from Oklahoma four years ago on a kind of scouting exploration mission. They had brought the girls with them as interpreters, in case they should find any white men left alive. Their medicine men had foretold the finding of one and had said the white man would give them news.

All this, naturally, came out by degrees. My first necessity, actually, was to master the girls' particular version of the English language.

Please turn to page 29

ALL characters in the serials and short stories, which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

The builder, most besieged of men — "Please can you build for me, and when?"



2. Snowed up with work, this demi-god Was making quite a handsome wad

3. A fortune made with bricks and mortar Would thrill, you'd think, his wife and daughter

4. But "Builder's Hands" spoiled any claim They might have had to social fame!



5. That worn-in grime and dirt defied Any soap he ever tried



6. But Solvol put the matter right - Built social prestige overnight!

You can always Trust...
the **P.L.B.** shield

wherever it appears
on Clothing & Materials

When you go shopping, you can see the fashion, the colour and the design. You can *feel* the fit when you try on a garment. But there are still several important questions.

Will it fade? Will it shrink? Will it keep its shape? Will it wear well? Is it really safe to buy? These problems face you every time.

Look for the red P.L.B. Shield, either as a swing-ticket or a sewn-on label. Wherever you find it, you can buy with confidence and safety. On any article of clothing or material the P.L.B. Shield is an unconditional guarantee of quality.



*This shield
is your protection*

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In city shop or country store, you can always trust the goods that carry the P.L.B. Shield. No matter whether it be lingerie, frocks, sportswear, men's and boys' clothing, knitwear, shirts, socks, sheeting, handkerchiefs or anything else—the P.L.B. Shield is your protection. It is attached only to trustworthy merchandise. It carries a full guarantee of quality. This is a pledge to the nation by Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

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AND BRANCH OFFICES.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 22, 1947

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Page 25



APRON-DRAPE SKIRT and tiered veil are new and attractive bridal wear.

Dress Sense...

by **Betty Keep**
Bridal outfit

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

matter, any tough cotton would be excellent for the material. Be sure to have the material pre-shrunk before the dress is made.

The design must be chosen to look at ease whether you walk, stand, or while playing. I suggest an all-round pleater skirt—pleats are all the rage at any time of day and at any place—with an easy fitting sleeveless bodice-top.

In the evening. If you swim, pack a swimsuit, beach robe, and beach shoes.

Take along undies that can be washed easily at night. Two sets will be adequate—one set on, one set off. Plan to economise on cosmetic weight, and take only just sufficient for the tour. Too much luggage is a bore and apt to spoil the pleasure of any holiday.

For motor tour

"I AM wondering if you could give me a little advice about the types of clothes you think necessary for a motor tour of the north coast of New South Wales. I am travelling by tourist bus and am leaving just before Christmas."

The north coast is extremely hot during December, the degree of heat depending on how far north you plan to travel. An easy skirt made in uncrushable tropical weave, plus three separate tops, will see you comfortably through the day. The trio of separates are an over-blouse, a shirt-blouse, and a blouse made with a low neck and cap sleeves.

You will, of course, need a dress to change for dinner at night. A pretty floral, either in cotton or rayon, would feel cool and look attractive.

Take along glare glasses and a shady hat. Select your shoes with care—a low-heeled shoe to wear during the day and a light sandal

Hippy styles

"I AM the hippy type. My waist is small, but my hips and thighs are thick. What styles should I wear to disguise this figure fault? Please design me a dress to be made in printed silk."

You're lucky, because a great number of the new fashions are perfect camouflage for large hips and thighs. Fashion dictates that hips shall be round and full and waists tiny.

French designer Christian Dior uses under-padding in his skirts to accentuate this line, so be thankful for that small waistline. Go in for lots of skirt fullness—numbers of the new skirts are tremendously full, made no by pleats.

Pleats may be narrow, and graduated to 1½ in., or may be 2 in wide box pleats. Some are hand-pressed and flared to the hem. I suggest you make your silk dress with one of the new low, wide, from side-to-side necklines, and all-round, box-pleated skirt.

"I AM looking for a really formal design for my bridal gown, and wondered if you would help me with this problem. I have bought the material—14 yards of lovely white silk taffeta. I would also like you to suggest the type of wedding veil you think best and the type of flowers for my bridal bouquet."

A design with a draped apron effect on the skirt, moulded bodice, top and long sleeves would make a lovely bridal gown in silk taffeta dress fabric. White tulle cut in tiers would be something new and unusual for the wedding veil. Wear the veil well back on the head and have it held in place with a narrow white satin ribbon. I would like a simple sheath of white roses for the bridal bouquet. Best wishes for your future happiness.

Dance in gingham

"Do you think red-and-white checked gingham would be dressy enough to make a dance frock for a girl of sixteen years? My mother has given me the material. I want to wear it to a rather formal dance, but I feel doubtful about it being correct. Don't you think crepe or taffeta would look more appropriate?"

I think nothing could be newer or prettier for a summer dance dress than checked gingham. In U.S.A. some of the most delightful formal frocks for teen-agers are styled in plaid or check cottons. Numbers of these designs are replicas of really formal ball gowns of last winter.

A wide skirt, tiny waist, and low,



NEW FASHIONS are perfect camouflage for large hips.

full neckline are perfect for a teenage formal. Don't worry about crepe and taffeta—you have plenty of time ahead for adult fashions.

A YOUNG girl, whose boyfriend objects to her wearing shorts, wants me to suggest some other type of smart tennis-wear.

For various reasons many girls appear to have the same problem, so the solution I am offering her should have wide interest.

Here is her letter:

Tennis comfort

"MY boy and I play a lot of tennis together at our local club, and as he does not like me to wear shorts I wondered if you would suggest some suitable outfit. I don't want to look old-fashioned."

You certainly won't look old-fashioned if you wear a one-piece tennis dress with a skirt cut short for action. Have it made in washable cotton, with its own brief underpants. Poplin, pique, or, for that



NOT A SIGN OF DECAY... yet he lost two teeth through neglected gums

NOW! NO MORE NEEDLESS EXTRACTIONS IF YOU USE THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED



S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE
—WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN
TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS
(GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHEA)

It's easy, it's pleasant—right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore and spongy, gum rot sets in and, almost before you know it, a sound tooth must be extracted. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, often after only a few days. Get a tube of S.R. right away!

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS
(taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette)
SHOW HOW SODIUM RICINOLEATE
IMPROVES TEETH AND GUMS



Condition before treatment.



Fourteen days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.



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FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"SANDRA"—Playsuit for Summer Living
The three-piece sunsuit features a suntop with a midriff piece which can be attached to the shorts or the skirt or worn folded back under the bodice. The whole set consists of shorts, suntop, and swing skirt. It is made of printed rayon and is obtainable either ready to wear or just cut out.

The design of the material is grey and white water-lilies with biadelike leaves, also in grey and white on background colors of rose, dull olive-green, beige, and mist-blue.

Ready to Wear. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust. Suit 35/11 (18 coupons). Skirt: 22 and 24in. bust. Suit 35/11 (12 coupons). Skirt: 26 and 28in. bust. Suit 35/11 (12 coupons). Skirt: 30 and 32in. bust. Suit 35/11 (12 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust. Suit 21/6 (8 coupons). Skirt: 22 and 24in. bust. Suit 21/6 (8 coupons). Skirt: 26 and 28in. bust. Suit 21/6 (8 coupons). Skirt: 30 and 32in. bust. Suit 21/6 (8 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

N.B.—When ordering "Sandra," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS...

No. 938.—BUTTON-UP FROCK AND SUN BONNET

The set is traced ready to cut out and make up in British cambric, in colors of rose, sage, sky-blue, and maize.

Sizes: 18in. length. Frock 9/11 (4 coupons). Hat 2/6 (no coupons). Full set 9/4 (4 coupons). Min. length. Frock 7/6 (4 coupons). Hat 2/6 (no coupons). Full set 7/6 (4 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

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The sachet is traced ready to embroider and make up in a good washing cotton, in lovely shades of rose, lemon, blue, green, and white.

No. 940.—THREE BIB-STYLE APRONS
These three aprons for a tiny tot are traced ready to embroider. They are bound, and the backs are lined with white flannelette. The colors are sky-blue, peach, and white. Price 1/11 each and 2/11 postage extra.

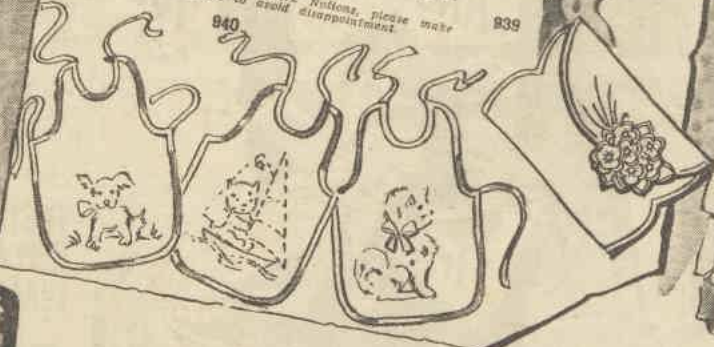
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940

938



939



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F4914—Tunic dress with contrast for fashion interest. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds 36in. material, 1yds 36in. contrasting material. Pattern, 1/10.

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"EARLY MORNING" HEADACHES?

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Everyone knows that dull, early morning headache with that "out of sorts" feeling, caused by constipation. Just two Anacin tablets will bring you fast, safe relief from these kind of headaches.

AMAZING SPEED! Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients — and it's the action of an extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

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Two bring fast relief

Because they work so fast, two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So — Anacin is cheaper in the long run as well as being more effective for all headaches.

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The longer you use the same ordinary pain remedy the less effect it has on your system. Doctors advise a change for faster relief. Your chemist has Anacin in packets of 12, tins of 30 and bottles of 50 and 100. Get some now!



MEN GROW TEETH LIKE OXEN!

MEN OF THE BANADYA TRIBE (AFRICA) FILE THEIR TEETH TO LOOK LIKE THEIR REVERED CATTLE



IT'S EASY ON YR POCKET

KOLYNOS IS THE MONEY-SAVING DENTAL CREAM. GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTES... HALF-AN-INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty.

• KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM •

DO YOU KNOW?

TEETH LAST TO JUDGEMENT DAY!

PEASANTS OF THE VOSGES (FRANCE) BURY THEIR EXTRACTED TEETH SECRETLY AND MARK THE SPOT SO AS THEY CAN GO STRAIGHT TO THEM ON RESURRECTION DAY. FOOD FRAGMENTS BURIED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, MARK THE SPOT WHERE DENTAL DECAY GERMS ATTACK. KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM SWEEPS AWAY HIDDEN DEPOSITS — KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS.



TOBACCO FILLINGS!

AMERICAN OZARKS PLUG HOLLOW TEETH WITH SAGE OR TOBACCO



TEETH REPLACE! DIAMONDS

IT WAS POPULAR AMONG 15TH CENTURY LASSES TO HAVE EXTRACTED TEETH SET IN RINGS! AMONGST TODAY'S BEAUTIES IT IS POPULAR TO HAVE THAT SPARKLING KOLYNOS SMILE. KOLYNOS SWEETENS YOUR BREATH AS IT WHITENS YOUR TEETH.



A

APART from its
Shelburne flavor, the language
that the girls spoke had many
strange words which they used to
fill in gaps where they had forgotten
what their prospective friend had
taught them. As he died when
they were about ten years old, they
had developed a kind of special
language, as children do.

However, by degrees I got their
code.

They were the daughters of an
Indian agent and his wife who had
been living on the reservation when
the blast hit us. The girls had
been infants then, and so knew very
little about the blast. Their mother
and father had died in an accident,
and an Indian squaw had adopted
them.

About this time, a prospector by
the name of Adam K. Bell had
used forces with the tribe (he had
been in the mountains for two
years) and had instructed the girls
in their mother tongue and in his
version of history, geography, and
mathematics.

They knew the multiplication
table and could add, subtract,
divide and multiply—arts which
made them invaluable to the
squaws, who called them in when
such obscure calculations were
necessary.

He also taught them some
elementary geology, though they
could never figure out his interest
in gold, which they said was quite
common in some of the mountains.
They had explored; and they
thought it had caused the old pros-
pector's death through frustration,
though of course they did not use
that word.

They said he went mad when he
saw it—and to express his madness
they clapped their hands, jumped
up and down, and pulled at their
yellow hair.

The war party that captured me
had had its camp on the site of the
blast. The tepees stood about where
the Players' Club had been. They
had chosen this site because, since
everything was flattened around
them, they need fear no ambush.

When we reached the camp, a
number of warriors were seated on
the grass, grazing their horses, which
they held by long riata. These were
the reserve braves, as it were, who
had their arms with them—bows
and arrows—and could be in action
in a few minutes.

Further away, other horses were
being grazed under an armed,
mounted guard.

These men had rifles that looked
like Springfields.

It appeared later that they had
picked them up here and there as
they crossed the country—deer rifles
and the like, war souvenirs and
other relatively light guns. In the
United States, very heavy game
rifles of the sort used in Africa have
always been rare; and even if the
Indians had found one, they would
only have fired it once because of
the kick.

But even though they could have
found enough ordinary rifles and
enough ammunition, a great number
of the braves were apparently
against using them. The white
man's magic had, as it were, gone
out of fashion with all but the
boldest.

As I took in the scene, I was
struck by the oddness of the com-
bination of primitive and modern
weapons in the hands of the red
men, as I still called them in my

BUTCH



"—an' fourteen pickle forks. Now the bride
won't be annoyed with bothersome duplicates."

The Blast

Continued from page 24

Fenimore Cooper-conditioned mind.
Noble savages—but I wished they
had been less rough with me.

More men were sitting about the
cooking fires in front of the tepees.
My girls—I called them that already
in my mind—seemed to be the only
women with the party.

I was taken before the leader, a
subsidiary chief or headman called
Tall Eagle.

He was a powerful man of about
forty, and some kind of communi-
cation with him was established with
the help of the girls.

I did not get to know the full
story of these Indians until later,
when I had mastered something of
their tongue, which I speak well now
though I continue to mix in words of
Zulu, which disconcerts them.

The war party's mission was to
proceed east till they came to the
Great Water and then follow it
south till they came to the land of
the Seminoles, with whom they
wished to establish contact and
discuss the formation of a union of
the Indian tribes that had survived.
A repetition of the Six Nations al-
liance—if six nations were found
still to exist.

They were, however, much per-
turbed by the great mutations that
they had found in the East, and
even to encounter such animals as
Bengal tigers and Polar bears wor-
ried them.

Fortunately, the great mutations
were not common.

I had disposed of a number of
them, for though I avoided them
as much as I could, I had to kill
them when I came across them, be-
fore they killed me; for these
monstrosities were not, even in the
animal sense, respectable members
of the natural world, but were crazy
—perhaps mad with hunger.

Their great frames needed every-
thing that they could find to keep
them going—a man or a dog being
about as much use to them as a
rabbit to a lion or a mouse to a
cougar.

In my first week with the Indians
I had the good fortune to kill a
giant mink that had attacked a
party of their braves, after it had
killed three members of the party
and sucked the blood from two of
their horses. With the help of the
Indians, I stripped the skin from
the animal.

It took ten men to drag it out so
that we could peg it.

Nothing could have suited my
purpose better than this happy
event, for by it I proved my value
to them as a warrior. For I had
realized for some time that even if
they had decided to leave me behind
when they left New York (they had
freed me also as soon as they caught
me), I would have followed them
because I needed company.

The bow of my personal exist-
ence was shattered. Here were men
again. I'd forgotten how I needed
men. It was interesting how my
nostrils, trained by years of hunt-
ing, now dilated at the scent of men.
There were also the girls, who
affected me profoundly, and the
horses.

Women might be a necessity in
youth, but horses were a pleasure
that I had never forgotten. No man
was ever betrayed by a horse; no
horse ever deserted him or bore
false witness against him.

It took me some
time to explain
my ideas to the
Indians, and to
accustom my
youngest dogs to
their company.

The older and
more savage dogs
I shot after hav-
ing steeled myself
by drinking half a
bottle of French
brandy.

Actually, apart
from the dogs
that I could not
take, I regretted
most leaving my
wine cellar and
my museum. Most
of the wine had
begun to go off a
little by now, but
the spirits were
excellent except

where the corks had failed to stay
in a good state of preservation.

But I had some beautiful dogs
left; I had the bay stallion Tall
Eagle had given me; and I had the
company of a hundred and fifty
magnificent young Indians and two
young white girls who were burned
as brown as the Indians and dis-
tinguishable from them only by
their corn-colored hair and blue
eyes.

All this made up for what I had
lost.

I was, however, faced with an
ethical problem. The Indians, who

had discovered heavy rifles similar
to mine in some of the stores they
had entered, wished me to instruct
them in their use.

I could see nothing to be gained
by such instruction, so I tried to
explain to them that this was white
man's magic and so strong that it
had destroyed all the white men in
the world except me, turning its
forces against them in retribution
for their own misuse of its powers.

Also, I pointed out that all they
need do to have this great power
at their disposal was to keep me
alive and treat me well. I let one
man fire a shot lying down, and the
recoil broke his collarbone. This
seemed to confirm all that I had
said.

Until I was with people again, it
had not occurred to me to consider
my own appearance, because when
a man is alone he has no appear-
ance. I found a mirror and
examined myself with some atten-
tion and amazement.

I was as straight as I had always
been, but I was much wider than
I had thought possible.

My arms were as big as my thighs;
my chest was immense. My hair
was long, reaching half-way down
my back and my beard reached my
belt. Both hair and beard were
snow white. My body hair, with
which I was covered, was white in
front of my body and shaded
through silver into black along my
spine.

For ornament, I wore a diamond
necklace round my neck; my only
clothing was a khaki kilt that I
wore for warmth, a leather belt in
which was stuck my kukri, and a
pair of leather shoes.

DRAMATIC HOLLYWOOD SERIAL

FIRST instalment will appear
next week of "The Brick
Wall," our new serial by Louis
Kamp.

Josh Hanley, film cutter in
the Hollywood studios of his
father, motion picture magnate
Alex Hanley, yearns to become
a film actor, but his aspirations
are stifled by Alex himself, and
the story develops around the
young man's bitter struggle to
escape the domination of his
father's powerful personality.

"The Brick Wall" presents
Hollywood from a new and
arresting angle—from the
standpoint not of its glitter and
glamour but of the fierce
emotional intensity that lies
behind its scenes. Watch for
the dramatic opening instal-
ment.



My wife taught it to say: "RINSO for washing-up"
before she went on holiday.

It's something to talk about—
RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER suds
for easier washing-up



I WHIZZ THROUGH THE
DISHES NOW I USE RINSO'S RICHER,
LONGER-LASTING SUDS. NO
SLOW OLD-FASHIONED
BAR-SOAPS FOR ME!

THOSE RICHER
RINSO SUDS
DISSOLVE GREASE
IN A FLASH AND THEY
KEEP ON DISSOLVING IT.
THAT MEANS NO NASTY
SCUM LEFT ON THE WATER

BRIGHT AS A JEWELLER'S
WINDOW! THAT'S HOW MY GLASS
AND SILVER LOOK WITH THAT
RINSO SHINE. RINSO SAVES
WORK IN THE KITCHEN AND
IN THE LAUNDRY, TOO!

Z 24.19



The harder he
works, the more
he needs a...

Man sized breakfast

Dietitians agree that the first meal of the day is the most important... so see that your husband enjoys a "man-sized" breakfast before he starts his day's work. And that means a generous serving of WEET-BIX with milk and sugar, before anything else! Naturally rich in whole grain goodness... fortified with ADDED VITAMIN B1... and deliciously flavoured, these nationally-famous breakfast biscuits are both grand eating and a great body-building food.

A wonderful time-saver in the kitchen, too, because they are pre-cooked and toasted ready for instant serving! From all grocers.



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BREAKFAST BISCUITS

A S A N I T A R I U M H E A L T H F O O D P R O D U C T

THE BLUNTS: Midsummer madness

Weekly Feature
Written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT



Y, it was hot! I suppose it was summer at last. The bougainvillea was screaming puce murder at the sour yellow broom, and the high geraniums, Penny's flower of the week, sagged the damp dish mops. I regretted the passing of the aristaria, and sighed long and loud as I thumbed a bill around another veal and mushroom pie.

What a day to be making! And it wasn't as if I'd invited anybody to lunch; but I had one of those feelings in my bones. And when I get a premonition I make hundreds of pies, because they are washing-up and butter.

Apart from my hereditary gift of second sight, I just had to put on and two together to know that I had company.

After all, it was so hot, and there was a swimming-pool in the river at the bottom of our garden. It is probably something with Lewis Carroll's silly toves, and such like, I can get a glimpse through the rainbow skin of oil. But even with a pool as this is wet and cold. Boy right I was.

Tidy and Penny, attired in practically nothing, were clamoring for a short to the river.

Having deliberately and cunningly led my rather Mack Sennett bathing legs to the Mocha, I was able to escape on the grounds that I had no swimsuit.

"Tw, gee," they wailed, and turned to see Uncle Edward coming down the path. Whack! They bet he'd see them, and, of course, that's what he had come for.

At the seventh pie I observed the trying to persuade a roll of chicken wire through the gate. Igor is a sculptor, who, on a previous visit, was so carried away by the formal splendors of the Blunt estate that he offered to run up an appropriate statue in the fish-pond. The wire represented its embryonic form.

Next came Julia and Henry, dressed in something careless and

carrying towels. Then my sister's family decanted from their little frying-pan-shaped car.

Lastly came Beth and her nephew, just as Hobby and Sammy swarmed over the wall. Better make some jellies, too, seeing how many children there were lurking about the pie-smelling stove licking their chops.

The party split up. The men went off to the wide open spaces, the little women and more difficult infants to the kitchen.

Child Pobble kept saying "Pobble?" on a note of wheedling inquiry and prodding holes in the pies.

I gave him a piece of raw dough and told him to run up a nice statue like Uncle Igor. Without questioning its estableness he popped it into his mouth and asked for more.

We gave him some apples and said: "Go and see Boppy. Nice Boppy. Scoot! Shoo!" After that Vicki carried him out bodily and threw him to the men.

It was so hot that I became

anaesthetised, and didn't even mind the bougainvillea any more.

Then Uncle Edward appeared with an axe, grunted three times, and said, "Chop tree down," and departed.

"Oh, lumme," I said to Vicki, "why chop a tree down in midsummer? I suppose Washington Blunt suggested it, he's been wanting to fell that pudgy little camphor laurel. I know it should be removed, it spoils the row, but why to-day? Here, you fix the salad while I go and throw a spanner in the works."

Seated picturesquely round the marble table under the purple clouds of jacaranda the Woodcutters and Swimmers' Club were met to discuss their new project over a pint of frozen ale.

"Hol!" I yelled. Nobody took any notice. "Don't you chop any trees down, you lumps!"

"Too early, not hungry," my husband called back amiably. "Clods, oafs, hulks. I said lumps, not lunch."

But I got no further.

At that moment Pobble, a pudgy cupid on the rim of the fish-pond, declared the swimming season officially open by flopping with a crow of joy and his playmate into the water. He held an apple tightly clutched in each hand, which rather muffled his dive.

Screams of rage rose from the watching crowd as they were drenched by the splash. I reflected once again on the perversity of people who, an hour before, had plunged enthusiastically into a puddle of primal slime in the river and now objected to being splashed by a little bit of fish water.

When I reached the scene of the disaster Pobble was standing placidly

up to his midriff in water, biting madly apples turn about.

Sammy, eyes burning with envy, flung discretion to the winds and joined the young pioneer. "Gee, Jill, can we?" begged Penny.

"And me?" "And me?" I couldn't see why not; after all, it was far safer than the river pool.

My husband remarked cryptically that next week there'd be none of this. He had ordered a small crocodile.

"Sing a song of summer, 'A basin full of boys, 'And you can jolly well look after them," I told the Woodcutters and Swimmers' Club as I swept back to the kitchen, forgetting all about the doomed tree.

Everybody said, no, they wouldn't dream of staying for lunch, and I said very well, I'd have to employ a gang of professional pie-eaters if they didn't, so they said "If you put it that way, we just can't resist," and they didn't, so we all began counting on our fingers.

"Eleven?" "Not thirteen, I couldn't bear it." "Wait a minute, you left out Igor." "No, the next-door boys are not staying. Take that row of plates, they ought to do. You don't think anybody will want bread and butter, do you?" I asked wistfully, hoping they wouldn't.

In between whiles, thirsty people kept pottering in to take them a glass of lemonade; to see if it was all right for them to take a shower; to eat up the little pieces of spare pastry that I always burn at the end of a batch.

At last the big unmanageable trays were ready, and we moved in slow procession to the hall.

What a lovely view, I reflected happily, looking through the wide doorway that framed the beyond.

What a lovely view! Where did those distant houses come from? That wide, heavenly blue river? My sainted aunt! The tree! The tree! But there was no tree.

The vista was breath-taking, but I had to be savage on principle.

Gnashing my teeth and running as best I could with a yard-wide tray full of pies, I arrived on the verandah.

"Ho, hum," I said. "So you chopped down the tree! The malicious, wicked tree that was crowding the others, sapping the nourishment from the good earth, killing everything within miles. You clever, dear, stalwart boys, you mental giants, you blithering cock-eyed gaggle of dillberries. You've chopped down the wrong tree."



When I get a premonition of visitors coming, I make hundreds of pies.

Windlesham Moor is ideal for entertaining

Spacious rooms will be setting for Royal wedding gifts

From MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London office

First home of Princess Elizabeth and her husband is one with a great tradition of hospitality.

Windlesham Moor, in Surrey, for 20 years the home of Australian stockbroker and sportsman William Clark, has always been "hospitality hall" for visiting Australians.

WHEN the second World War broke out William Clark kept his home ready for two years to be a convalescent home for Australian soldiers.

But the Australian Army did not fight in France after all, and, after Pearl Harbor, Windlesham Moor was handed over to the American Army.

A late Georgian house standing in one of the loveliest gardens in all England it was designed and built on a lavish scale. It is a perfect home for entertaining.

The main reception room is 60 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a beautiful, highly polished parquet floor.

There are a large dining-room, sitting-room, morning-room, and billiard-room, as well as other public rooms on the ground floor.

Upstairs are eight very large bedrooms, each with its own bathroom, sitting-room, and dressing-room.

In fact, each bedroom is like a self-contained suite.

There is a servants' wing for 20 servants.

The house was built just after the end of the 1914-18 War by Sir Byron Peters. Lady Peters ran it as a convalescent home.

Both Sir Byron and William Clark had grown-up families, so the house has no nurseries.

Millionaire Philip Hill bought Windlesham Moor from William Clark. His widow, now Mrs. Warwick Bryant, is still the owner.

Rented by King

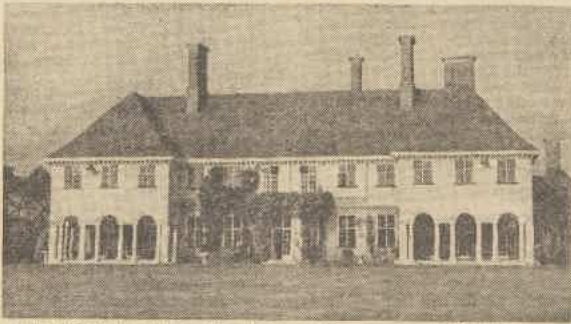
THE King has only rented the house from Mrs. Bryant, who had it completely redecorated when the American Army left and the house had to be restored.

On the death of her husband she tried to sell the house, but it hung fire on the market, being rather too large for present-day requirements of most people.

The Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, was a frequent visitor to Windlesham Moor. I was told by Lady Baillieu, daughter of William Clark.

"My father loved gardens and he had the 50 acres laid out by famous landscape gardener Gomer Waterer.

"He had every type and color of rhododendrons planted in the gar-



WESTERN ASPECT of Windlesham Moor, Surrey, which will be the first home of Princess Elizabeth and her husband. It is one of the loveliest small estates in England. (See other pictures on page 11.)

dens and every year they were thrown open to the public in rhododendron time.

"The Prince of Wales was so impressed with Windlesham Moor that he commissioned Mr. Waterer to lay out the grounds at Fort Belvedere."

If the young couple wish to add to this already magnificent collection they will find it easy, as their wedding gift from the Rothschilds is rhododendrons.

The nine-hole putting and approaching golf course at Windlesham is considered the best in England.

Windlesham Moor's 50 acres are on the edge of Windsor Forest, about three miles from the Royal Lodge and only a few hundred yards from Swinley Forest Golf Club, founded by Lord Derby as his private club in 1910.

Mrs. Bryant, when she left Windlesham, took out most of her per-

sonal possessions, so the house is only partly furnished.

I hear Elizabeth and Philip have asked all near relatives to give them "something for the home," and that their best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven, has given them a present along these lines, a combined gramophone and radio and some of their favorite records.

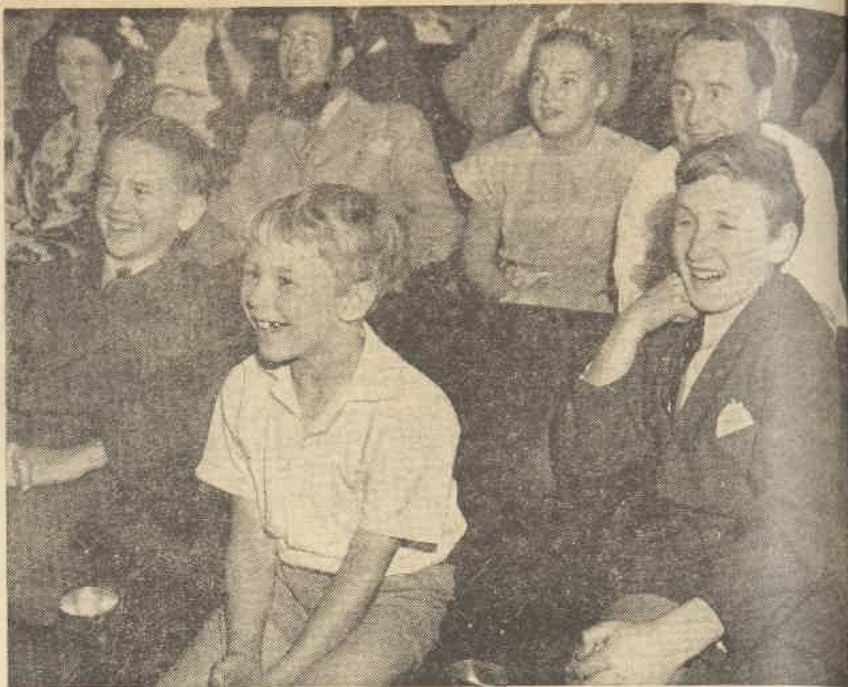
Elizabeth and Philip are having a busy time deciding which of their many wedding presents they will take with them to Windlesham Moor, and which they will store until Sunninghill Park, which will be their country home, is rebuilt.

The magnificent Adam furniture, which is Queen Mary's gift and consists of a long sideboard with four matching side tables, a glass and ormolu cabinet, an antique card table, and a little corner cabinet, has been selected by the Princess as part of the furnishing for her huge dining-room at Windlesham.

"Bush Christmas" cast see themselves in film



THIS BUSINESS of chasing horse thieves through the Blue Mountains is pretty tricky. Morris Uncomb seems more hopeful about the outcome than Nicky Yardley (centre) or Michael Yardley and Helen Grieve.



"GOSH, doesn't Nezer look funny eating those wicketty grubs for Christmas dinner?" Nicky roars with laughter as he sees himself and the other three white children registering distaste at aboriginal Nezer's enjoyment of the grubs.

FIRST Australian audience to see the Australian film "Bush Christmas" were members of the cast. The photographs on this page were taken recently at the Fox theatre in Sydney and show the reactions of some of the cast and producer Ralph Smart as they watched the screening. In the front row are Morris Uncomb (left), Nicky Yardley, and Michael Yardley. Behind them are Thelma Grigg, Chips Rafferty, Helen Grieve, and author-producer-director Smart.

Highly successful in England, "Bush Christmas," which was made for Gaumont British Instructional Films, will be shown during the Christmas season in Sydney.

It is a delightful story of the adventures of five children (one being aboriginal Nezer Saunders), who help to capture three horse thieves. The thieves are played by Chips Rafferty, Stan Tolhurst, and John Fernside. Parents of three of the children (Nicky, Morris, and Helen) are played by Thelma Grigg and Pat Penny.

Film Reviews

★ BODY AND SOUL

THERE'S little to remind audiences that boxing can be a clean amateur sport in this production from Enterprize (released by MGM). Star is John Garfield.

Inspired no doubt by a recent New York inquiry into "fight fixing," the film presents the all-too-familiar-yarn pattern. Eager youngster makes good as boxer, reaches championship class, gets too big for his boxing gloves, and falls into the hands of crooked fight promoter. His final fight has been "fixed," but he sees the light, boxes to win the title, regain the respect of his mother and the love of his sorely tried, patient girl-friend.

Boxing scenes are authentic-looking, with enough blood to please the most avid fans. Garfield makes Charlie Davis just the kind of brawn-and-bulster fighter the script suggests, but Lilli Palmer is badly miscast as his sweetheart. It is impossible to accept the suggestion that she would fall in love with a Charlie Davis type.

Introduction of sultry-eyed blonde Hazel Brooks, who is a cross between Lauren Bacall and Veronica Lake, has little to do with the case, but negro Canada Lee is really convincing as an ex-champion who dies as the result of too many fights.

Lloyd Goff is the crooked promoter, and Anne Revere a Jewish mother.

Joseph Pevney will be remembered for a good piece of work as one of the few honest men in the story—St. James; showing.

★ THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

DRAMA is laid on with a heavy hand in the J. Arthur Rank release starring Phyllis Calvert, Michael Rennie, and Australian John McCallum.

As the title indicates, greed for money is the central theme with Phyllis Calvert as the determined, shrewish Jeckle Farnish riding rough-shod over people who get in the way of her money-making.

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career. It is an out-of-the-way role for lovely Phyllis, but she handles it well.

John McCallum, in his first big role in British films, looks handsome and acts sincerely as the steady Joe Barle who sees Jeckle through her many vicissitudes and romances till the final happy ending.

Michael Rennie is properly sinister as sharp business man Mortimer, who fools Jeckle and others, and who eventually gets a sound thrashing at the hands of the faithful Joe.

Hazel Court as Jeckle's young sister Roshie and Moore Marriott as a revengeful farmer are the most outstanding of the rest of the cast.

A spectacular oil-well fire is a highlight—Esquire; showing.

★ NOBODY LIVES FOR EVER

A TOUGH story of racketeers gives John Garfield one of the roles he handles most competently, and he is well backed up by Geraldine Fitzgerald as co-star.

Garfield is the not very admirable character who agrees to fleece a wealthy widow (Geraldine Fitzgerald) of a few million dollars.

Plenty of his much less admirable acquaintances attempt to get their share of the loot. Everything ends satisfactorily, with Nick, reformed, rescuing Gladys from the hands of the other gangsters.

Walter Brennan, George Colouira, Robert Shayne, and George Tobias do their best to keep Warner's thriller at an exciting level—Plaza; showing.

★ THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS

TITLE of Warner's horror film should warn parents to keep the children away, and nervous adults may be inclined to look into cupboards and under beds when they return home after seeing it.

This is strong meat even for horror-film addicts, and no punches are pulled.

Robert Alda, Peter Lorre, and Andrea King are the stars, but memories will linger on the disembodied hand which creeps in terrifying manner round a room

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

when it is conjured up by the imagination of insane Hilary Cummings (Peter Lorre).

Set in Italy, the story deals with the results of the death of a concert pianist (Victor Francen). Robert Alda is his friend, and Andrea King his nurse. Lorre is his secretary.

Good acting and first-class production are worth noting—Empire; showing.

★ DESERT FURY

PARAMOUNT collected a strong cast and provided magnificent technicolor Western settings for this watered-down version of Ramona Stewart's novel, but the film fails to sustain interest.

Most intriguing of the players is newcomer Wendell Corey, who outlines John Hodiak and Burl Lancaster (miscast in the role of hero). Corey is the offside of racketeer John Hodiak in their visit to a Western town where Hodiak becomes involved with Elizabeth Scott.

The acting of Elizabeth Scott is negligible, but she wears some superb clothes very well. Mary Astor as her mother does her best with another mistake in casting—State; showing.

★ TEMPTATION

UNIVERSAL'S decision to remake a version of the old silent drama "Bella Donna" does little for anyone except Merle Oberon, who has plenty of opportunity for dramatic acting and an endless series of luxury clothes.

The hammy old story of a woman with a shady past who decides to murder her stodgy husband (George Brent) for love of an Egyptian adventurer (Charles Korvin) and finally repents is not very entertaining. Both Brent and Korvin act badly, Brent being completely wooden, and Korvin too artificial.

Paul Lukas is wasted in a minor role—Victory; showing.



"OOH, I just can't bear to look." Nicky dives for the floor when the screen flashes a view of him and the other children running along a cliff edge. Mr. Smart comments: "You weren't frightened when you played the scene"



"THIS'LL fix those three baddies." Echo of the scene when the children roll rocks over a cliff to stop the thieves is reflected in their varied expressions as they watch it in the film.

TWILIGHT ON THE RIO GRANDE

EVEN Gene Autry's most devoted fans will find difficulty in getting much enjoyment from Republic's latest Western.

A poorly handled script and some incredibly bad acting by some of the cast swamp the efforts of cowboy Gene, who needs far better

material to carry his own acting talent.

Smuggling of jewels into Mexico after they have been bought cheaply from European refugees is the basis of the yarn, with Gene as the ranch owner who hunts for the smugglers and the killer of his partner.

Songs (notably "The Old Lamp Lighter") provide the film's few bright minutes—Capitol; showing.

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 22, 1947

Cook in half the time with twice the flavour — with a "SUPER COOKER" Pressure Pan. A STROMBERG-CARLSON Product

in period films . . .



JOAN FONTAINE, who will co-star with Bing Crosby in Paramount's technicolor musical "The Emperor Waltz." Wife of producer William Dozier, Joan has a 16-year-old stepson. Since her first top-ranking success in "Rebecca" she has insisted on varying her roles so that she will not become typed.



MARJORIE REYNOLDS, one of Hollywood's stars, changes the color of her hair frequently from brunette to blonde. In her role in the fantasy period film "Heaven Only Knows," starring Robert Cummings and released by United Artists, she will appear as a blonde.



MARTHA STEWART, rising star of 20th Century-Fox studios, has a top-featured role in the technicolor musical "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," starring June Haver and Mark Stevens. She will be given stardom in the forthcoming musical "Give My Regards to Broadway," with Dan Dailey.



ILONA MASSEY, blonde singing star, was born in Hungary. When she received her American citizenship she arranged for her mother, whom she had not seen for eight years, to go to the U.S. Ilona's next film will be Republic's operetta "End of the Rainbow," in which she co-stars with Nelson Eddy. Music is taken from an original score composed by Rudolf Friml.

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star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
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FOR LOVELIER NAILS



1 IN POLICE COURT, Judge Margaret Turner (Myrna Loy) gives severe lecture to handsome bohemian artist Dick Nugent (Cary Grant) for taking part in undignified brawl in night-club during gay party. Dick protests but he is fined.



2 EXCITEMENT AT SCHOOL is caused when Dick is invited to give talk on art and Margaret's young sister Susan (Shirley Temple) suddenly develops a violent teen-age enthusiasm about him.

GAY ROMANTIC COMEDY

The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer

A MODERN comedy, starring Shirley Temple, Myrna Loy, and Cary Grant, makes fun of the teen-age enthusiasm of a bobby-soxer for an artist. Said to include Shirley Temple's best performance for a long time, RKO's film has crisp dialogue and many amusing scenes. Orchestra leader Rudy Vallee returns to the screen in a good characterisation of a pompous district attorney who finds Cary Grant a rival for the affection of a woman judge who previously had found little time for romance because of her work.



3 LATE AT NIGHT Susan is discovered in Dick's apartment by Margaret and her admirer, Tommy (Rudy Vallee).



4 FIGHT IN FLAT ends in Dick's arrest for knocking Tommy down after untrue accusation about Susan's visit.



5 TO CURE SUSAN of her infatuation, Margaret, on advice of court psychiatrist Dr. Beemish (Ray Collins), orders Dick to become Susan's constant escort or face charges of assault on Tommy.



6 AT SCHOOL SPORTS Dick, who is furious about his boring task of looking after Susan, is the winner over Tommy in a track race for visitors.



7 DECLARING TRUCE with Margaret, in whom he has become interested, Dick takes her to dinner. Susan is jealous and creates a scene, encouraged later by Tommy, who suspects Margaret's feelings about Dick. Dinner ends in a violent quarrel.



8 LEAVING TOWN to think things over, Margaret meets Dick at airport. Susan has been persuaded that Dick is too old for her and she has turned attention to schoolmate Jerry.

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WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

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TRIO of flower arrangements photographed at the N.S.W. Chelsea Flower Show. Above is a mixed bowl by Mrs. Dundas Allen. Notice the interesting effect created by the six small portraits in the background. At top right is an antique vase containing an artistic arrangement by Mrs. Denis Allen. At right is a mixed bowl including gerberas, tulips, foxgloves, and broom, arranged by Miss Beulah Bolton.



You can't laugh off sunburn...

By MEDICO

JACK H., a rugged and brawny young man, dropped into my surgery on Monday morning, complaining of a touch of the sun. His arms, legs, back, and shoulders were painfully red, and he was quite miserable.

"What's good for this, Doc? I really don't know how I got this way. I wasn't in the sun for long."

"What do you call long?"

"Well, only for a couple of hours. We didn't get to the beach till about midday, and we had to leave again about three."

"Well, if you really want the truth: You have a dermatitis caused by actinic rays, resulting in a dilation of the skin capillaries. Your heart and kidneys have been strained. You have been on the verge of developing toxæmia or shock."

"No!" said the young man, alarmed. "For heaven's sake, Doc, what have I picked up?"

"Just what you thought," I said, "sunburn."

This summer, like other summers before it, will produce an enormous number of cases of sunburn in all its stages. Yet there is no need for it. You can save your family and yourself from holiday miseries with a few very simple precautions.

With light, loose clothing, a hat on the head, and commonsense, the average person will escape ill-effects, but there are some who must take extra precautions; notably the old, the very young, people with heart trouble, those who have red hair and freckled skin, and the blondes.

As for sun-worshippers, the canny thing to do is to limit the first sunbath to 10 minutes, preferably after 4 p.m. or before 10 a.m.

When the newcomer to the beach compares his pale skin with the bronzed beauty of the long-timers, he is determined to make up for lost time. This ambition must be tempered with wisdom.

When sunbathing is scientifically regulated and called helio therapy, the patient at first is not exposed for more than 10 minutes. Later, the time is gradually extended as the skin develops a protective pigment and thickens.

We all know that sunshine is good for us, but what we don't all realise is that an overdose can cause serious bodily disturbance.

It is most important to learn that the ill-effects that may follow a nice long day in the sun are not confined to the skin, but may include injury to the general health by either heat-stroke or heat-prostration.

Both the rare heat-stroke and the very common

heat-exhaustion are caused by the same thing—sunshine.

The heat-stroke victim suddenly finds he has a splitting headache. He sees red and loses consciousness. His pulse is full and bounding. His temperature rises. For first aid in these cases apply a method which will bring down the fever: Rest in the shade, cold sponging, or fanning with a towel held in both hands.

On the other hand, in heat-exhaustion the temperature drops and the victim feels clammy. His pulse is thin and thready. He is suffering from the equivalent of shock after injury. He needs rest, blankets, and warm drinks to which extra salt has been added. The victim of heat-exhaustion quickly recovers.

In both cases, the overdose of sunshine has thrown out of gear the mechanism which regulates the body temperature.

Sunburn is nothing to laugh off. It can strain the heart and disturb the body functions. It can cause fatigue, giddiness, headache, and fainting.

We must realise that we are a fair-skinned race, and are not fitted by our heredity for sudden exposure to the sun.

[All names in this article are fictitious.]

FEEDING BABY...

from 6 to 12 months

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

WHEN your baby is almost six months old you are naturally anxious to know what foods he should have.

If you are well, and baby is thriving on his natural food, you do not have to discontinue any breast feeds until about nine months.

However, it is now recognised that from six months onwards both breast-fed and bottle-fed babies need small quantities of other foods besides milk, as milk is deficient in iron.

These foods, besides supplying baby with the needed extra minerals and vitamins, get him accustomed to new foods and methods of feeding, and make the weaning period easier and less of a shock, thus eliminating some of the psychological problems of weaning.

A leaflet giving full details of the feeding of bottle-fed babies and the extra foods needed for breast-fed babies may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

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Beauty care for the feet important in summer

By
CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

rub the callus gently but firmly with a piece of pumice-stone. Keep at it regularly; do not try to remove the whole thing in a few nights.

When the pressure is relieved or the posture fault that caused it is corrected the callus will disappear.

After drying rub in a little cream to smooth and soften it further and banish the accumulation.

● Stubborn corns need professional attention, but the ordinary type will respond to a soaking in warm soapy water for ten minutes and a careful paring-off of loosened flesh on the surface with a sterilised blade. A cut-out felt pad placed over it will protect the spot from pressure and give it a chance to heal.

● Sometimes prepared corn-plasters are helpful in removing the root. Follow directions implicitly, and try using a second pad after the first one has been worn the length of time indicated, which is usually two to three days. The corn then comes away much more easily. Soft corns which appear between the toes are due to tight shoes. When the pressure is relieved the corn disappears.

● For feet that perspire. First look to the physical condition and eat less of acid-forming foods. Bathe the feet often in warm water to which boracic has been added, and then massage with olive oil. Do this at night and wear a clean pair of white socks in bed. Bathe the feet again in the morning and dust with boracic powder or a powder made up at the chemist's of 1 part salicylic acid, 8 parts powdered alum, 23 parts bentonite.

● For callus spots. These are ugly ridges of flesh that grow in self-defence on the heel and lower part of the instep.

Every night, after scrubbing with the bath-brush during the bath,

under the nails. Then clip away any rough edges and push back the cuticle again.

● Finally, let cold water run over each foot a moment before drying it. Hold it under the bath faucet—the shock of the cold water has a stimulating effect.

● Dry thoroughly, and for extra soothing massage for a few minutes with hand or cold cream or a mentholated cream, which is grand for cooling the burning, tired feeling.

● Aching feet can be rejuvenated quickly by plunging them alternately into ice-cold and very hot water. A treat for the feet after a day on hot pavements is a footbath in which starch or bicarbonate of soda is dissolved.

● For hairy feet. These are ugly ridges of flesh that grow in self-defence on the heel and lower part of the instep.

Every night, after scrubbing with the bath-brush during the bath,

● Not more than one woman in ten could pass a foot-beauty test to-day. No wonder so many hide their feet in the sand on the beach.

EARLY in the summer is a good time to check on foot health and beauty, because as the thermometer rises feet become uncomfortable, and, surprisingly, leg and back aches are often caused by that discomfort.

Badly fitting shoes or the wrong type of shoes are the most general causes of aggravation to feet.

Women want their feet to look small and narrow and pretty (at least while encased in shoes), and generally insist on high heels because they make the feet and legs look shapelier.

Chiropodists suggest that we'd be a lot happier and feet would look a lot more attractive if shoes were selected for the work they do rather than for the effect they give.

The other extreme, equally harmful, is wearing slippers or old shoes constantly about the house "for comfort." When you are on your feet at home good shoes are needed more than at any other time for support.

Here are some grooming hints:
● Keep your feet pretty; give them a pedicure at home every time you have a manicure job.

● Clip the nails straight across—no curves or curves. The correct length is just a shade below the tip of the toe. Toenails protect the toes, and when the nails are short they cannot do their job, as a hurtful callus is apt to grow at the tip of the toe.

● Over-long nails are equally unhelpful, because the nails are pushed back against the root. Wear and tear on stockings generally results.

● Each nail nicely clipped, smooth off the rough spots with an emery-board, and after the bath or after washing the feet dip a protected orange-wood stick in cuticle remover and go over each nail, pushing back the cuticle gently and cleaning well

NOVEMBER... in the garden

IF there should be a potato shortage from now on, remember that you can always get a potful by "bandicooting" round the growing plants with your fingers.

CARROTS and parsnips can be used much in the same way. Where rather over-dense rows have been sown and allowed to grow without having been thinned out, start now taking out those you don't want. All they need is "topping" and washing and are ready for soups or summer stews.

SPRAY tomatoes regularly with tartar emetic, sugar, and water to control trips, the pests that cause spotted wilt. If leaf spot or blight appears on the foliage, spray with Bordeaux mixture.

KEEP tomatoes staked and tied up. Where early fruits are needed, stem-prune the plants, re-

moving all the laterals but the top growing-point. Leaves from the main stem should not be interfered with or the fruits may be sunburned if exposed on hot days.

SOW French beans (dwarf types) every fortnight, and climbing beans every month, so that as fast as one lot finishes cropping another batch is ready for picking. Dwarf beans produce pods from 6 to 8 weeks from sowing seed. Climbing beans take about 9 to 12 weeks to reach full cropping.

WHEN marrows fail to set well and the baby fruits persist in rotting and falling off, go over the flowers early each day with a dab of cotton-wool on a short stick. Carry the pollen from the male to the female flowers and you will find the crop will be heavier.—**OUR HOME GARDENER.**



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Paddle IN SUMMER STYLE

The very spirit of summer has been captured in these gay new Paddle styles. Light as fairy floss, cool as a sea breeze, smart as new paint—they're nevertheless primarily designed for long wear, and proved by pre-testing for fit and durability.



White Buck Buckle Bar Machine Sewn Sole. Sizes 11-1, 11-3, 12-1, 12-3. Also in Black Patent Leather.



White Buck Buckle Bar Machine Sewn Sole. Sizes 11-1, 11-3, 12-1, 12-3. Also in Black Patent Leather.



PADDLE CHILDREN'S SHOES



Give Charmosan this Xmas..

A gift to delight any woman. Bright, Colourful and Dainty

Charmosan
—CHRISTMAS GIFT CASKETS—

Protection for Tender Baby Skin

Insist on the genuine VASELINE Petroleum Jelly—your guarantee of the highest quality petroleum jelly, scientifically refined, chemically purified. It's SAFE because it's PURE.



● Dishes made up from left-overs may sound uninteresting, but they need not be so; if you take a little trouble you can turn out meals which are delicious and economical.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

CONSIDER the remains of a roast chicken. If it is combined with mushrooms and turned into mock cutlets you have a dish that makes dinner something more than just another meal.

Baked apples would be an uninteresting sweet to follow such a main course, but if they are stuffed with dates and coated with almond-flavored meringue spiked with split roasted almonds it is a different story.

So a simple dinner may be given special appeal.

CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM CUTLETS

Three cups minced cooked chicken, 1½ cups thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 lb. mushrooms, 1 heaped teaspoon margarine or butter, flour, pepper and salt for coating, egg glazing, crumbs for covering, fat for frying, bacon rashers, tomato halves.

Fold minced chicken and chopped hard-boiled eggs into white sauce. Add salt and cayenne. Wash, peel and chop mushrooms. Saute in margarine or butter until quite soft. Add (including liquor) to chicken mixture. Spread on flat plate to cool. Take a spoonful at a time and form into a cutlet shape on a floured board. Use a little extra flour for moulding. Coat with flour, dip in egg glazing, drain, toss in breadcrumbs. Stand aside until all cutlets are covered, dip again in egg glazing, cover again with crumbs. Stand a while to allow surface to dry slightly. Deep-fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain. Insert piece of macaroni to represent bone, decorate with cutlet frill. Serve piping hot with grilled bacon rashers and grilled tomato halves.

ALMOND MERINGUE APPLES

Six medium-sized red apples, small quantity of water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons finely chopped dates, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, almond essence, green coloring, toasted almonds, pink sugar.

Wash and dry apples, remove cores. Make a slit round centre of each apple, carefully peel off skin above the slit. Warm chopped dates



DICED COLD CHICKEN, flavored with mushrooms, makes appetizing mock cutlets, served with tomatoes and bacon, and almond-flavored meringue is a soft, delicious coating for the date-stuffed baked apples.

Dinner Treat

with lemon juice to soften, fill into apples. Stand in well-greased flat tin with sufficient water to barely cover bottom of dish, add sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until apples are just tender, basting occasionally with the syrup. Whip egg-white to meringue consistency with the castor sugar. Flavor with almond essence, color green. Spread over peeled portion of apples, roughing up with a fork. Bake in slow oven until meringue is set. Stick with toasted almonds, garnish with pink sugar, and serve well chilled.

FRUIT FLUMMERY

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups water, good 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Soak gelatine in half the water;

blend flour to smooth paste with balance of water. Combine both mixtures, place in saucepan, add sugar. Bring to boil, stirring all the time, simmer 5 minutes. Add all other ingredients, allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, beat with a rotary beater until mixture holds its shape. Turn into wetted mould or pile roughly in serving dish. Chill before serving.

HAM AND SWEET POTATO BURGERS

Two cups mashed sweet potato, 2 cups minced ham (or cold boiled bacon), salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, flour, egg glazing, browned breadcrumbs for covering, fat for frying.

Combine sweet potato, ham, salt and pepper, onion, breadcrumbs; mix well. Shape into croquettes or

flat patties, using a little flour. Coat lightly with seasoned flour, dip in egg glazing, toss in browned breadcrumbs. Allow to stand 4 or 5 minutes, dip again in egg glazing and breadcrumbs. Fry golden brown in deep fuming fat. Serve hot with browned potato slices, grilled tomato halves and greens. For 3 or 4.

VEAL AND VEGETABLE ROLLS

One and a half pounds veal steak (slices 1 in. thick), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 3 small carrots, 1 stick celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 scant tablespoon fat, 1 cup stock.

Cut steak into pieces about 4 in. square. Combine flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Pound well into both sides of steak. Wash and scrape carrots, wash celery, cut both into 4 in. lengths. Place a piece of

carrot and celery on each square of steak, sprinkle with onion and lemon rind. Roll up, secure with cocktail sticks or tie with coarse thread. Melt fat in heavy pan, add veal rolls and brown well on both sides. Add stock, cover closely and simmer over very low heat 2 to 1 hour or until tender. Remove meat, thicken liquid with blended flour, simmer 5 minutes. Place meat rolls in serving dish, first removing cocktail sticks or thread. Pour hot gravy over, serve immediately. If liked, gravy may be further flavored with tomato puree. For 4 or 5.

TOPSY-TURVY MEAT PIE

One level dessertspoon fat, 1 onion, 1 medium potato, 1 lb. minced cooked meat, 1 cup stock or water, 3 tablespoons tomato puree (or tomato soup), 1 teaspoon salt, 6oz. self-raising flour sifted with pinch of salt, 3 dessertspoons margarine, 1 cup milk.

Melt fat, add sliced onion, brown lightly. Stir in grated potato, meat, stock or water, tomato puree, and salt. Stir until nearly boiling, leave simmering over low heat 5 minutes.

Turn into well-greased ovenware dish. Rub margarine into sifted self-raising flour and salt. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead slightly on floured board, press lightly to size and shape of dish. Place on top of meat, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Turn upside down on to serving platter, serve immediately with potatoes and greens. For 5 or 6.

MOULDED PASSIONFRUIT CREAM

Three passionfruit, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, yolk of 1 egg, whites of 2 eggs.

Melt butter, add flour, stir 2 or 3 minutes over low heat, but do not allow to brown. Stir in milk, continue stirring until mixture boils. Add beaten egg-yolk and sugar. Stir over low heat 2 or 3 minutes, but do not allow to boil again. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and passionfruit pulp. Pour into wetted mould, stand aside to cool and set. Chill well. Unmould, serve with custard or top with extra passionfruit pulp.

SUNSHINE— Vitamins

are an inseparable part of your existence. Life depends on air, sunshine, food and vitamins. The latter provide the protective factors in the system, but unfortunately these vitamins do not always exist in your body owing to modern refining methods and for other reasons.

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FLIES! Kill them with MORTEIN

When you're on a good thing
STICK TO IT!



HERE'S a quick summer dessert: Fold 1 cup cooked pineapple (free from syrup) and 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites into 2 cups thick blanc-mange. Chill in individual moulds. Serve topped with passionfruit pulp.

Shortcake wins prize

● First prize in this week's recipe contest is won with a reliable shortcake recipe which may be used in five different ways.

RECIPES of all types are welcomed in the weekly contest. Cash prizes are awarded for the best entries submitted. Why not contribute your favorite? Write clearly in ink on one side of the paper only, and address the entry to this office.

FIVE-WAY SHORTCAKE

Three ounces shortening, 3oz. sugar, few drops vanilla or a little grated lemon rind, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla or lemon rind; add beaten egg-yolk. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and milk, making a firm, dry dough. Use in any of the following ways:

● **Apple Charlotte:** Serve hot as dinner sweet or cold for afternoon tea or supper. Roll shortcake in 2 sections. Line bottom and sides of 8in. sandwich-tin. Fill with sweetened apple-pulp, cover with balance of shortcake. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.). Ice thinly with lemon icing if serving cold.

● **Puffed Wheat Biscuits:** Add 1 dessertspoon golden syrup and 2 tablespoons puffed wheat to shortcake mixture. Press into greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Cut into finger-lengths while hot.

● **Rainbow Biscuits:** Divide mixture into two. Add 1 dessertspoon cocoa to one portion and color balance pink. Roll thinly, cut into rounds, bake 10 to 15 minutes at 350 deg. F., cool. Join a pink and a chocolate biscuit with lemon-flavored mock cream or warm icing.

● **Coconut Meringue Fingers:** Roll to fit slab-tin. Spread lightly with jam. Beat 1 egg-white stiffly with 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla to taste, and 2 tablespoons coconut. Spread over shortcake. Bake 20 to 25 minutes at 350deg. F. Cut into finger-lengths while hot.

● **Cheese Cakes:** Roll thinly, line patty-tins. Add half teaspoon jam and 1 dessertspoon plain cake mixture. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven (400deg. F.).

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Muir, 5 Ngao St., Takapuna, Auckland, N.Z.

NOVELTY FRUIT TRIFLE

One slab stale sponge or butter cake (cut to fit medium-sized pie-

dish), 1½ cups drained sherry fruit or fruit salad, 1 wineglass sherry or fruit juice, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, split blanched almonds, vanilla or grated lemon rind to flavor.

Place cake in greased dish, first cutting out some of the crumb from the centre, leaving a nest for the fruit. Place fruit in, add sherry; beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with sugar. Flavor with vanilla or lemon rind. Completely cover top of cake with meringue; stick with almonds. Bake in slow oven until meringue is set and very lightly browned. Chill well before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. E. Williams, 17 Vickers St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

INDIAN SCRAMBLE

One cup cold meat (or luncheon sausage), 1 heaped teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon finely grated onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons milk, 3 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley, toast.

Melt butter, add onion, cook without browning. Stir in curry powder, milk, beaten eggs, diced meat, salt and pepper. Stir gently over low heat until set, add chopped parsley. Pile on to hot toast; serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Harrison, 62 Pine St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

HAM AND POTATO BALLS

Two cups mashed potato, 2 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon onion juice, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup diced ham, egg-glazing, crumbs for covering, fat for frying.

Beat 1 egg-yolk, stir into hot mashed potato, adding melted margarine or butter, onion juice, and cayenne. Beat until smooth and creamy; cool. Beat remaining egg-yolk, mix with ham. Stir over low heat until thickened; cool. Take a heaped tablespoon of potato mixture, make a hollow, fill with 1 heaped teaspoon ham. Mould potato over ham filling, forming a ball. Dip in egg-glazing, drain, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry 8 to 10 minutes in hot fat, reducing heat once balls have browned so that they will heat through without burning. Drain on clean paper. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. D. Keck, 6 Oxford St., Malvern, Vic.

POTATO cakes for breakfast: Rub 2oz. fat into 4oz. self-raising flour sifted with pinch salt. Mix in 4oz. mashed potato, adding a little milk if necessary. Press to 3in. thickness, cut into shapes, fry golden-brown. Top each potato cake with a lightly fried ball of seasoned sausage meat, sprinkled with grated cheese. Serve with grilled bacon.



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That was my ear!"

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ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR VELVET SOAP

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says Aunt Jenny

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AS SHE TELLS US HER VELVET SUCCESS STORY

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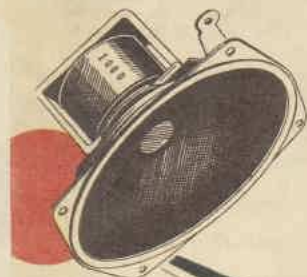
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